NOW & THEN

THE APPALACHIAN MAGAZINE

CENTER FOR APPALACHIAN STUDIES AND SERVICES EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY

Vol. 30 No. 1

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CIVIL WARS IN APPALACHIA

Civil Wars

THEN

Reunion of the Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry -- a Union cavalry during the Civil War. See Melanie Storie's article on page 30 to learn more about the Dreaded Thirteenth. Photo courtesy Melanie Storie.

Whether the fight is for social justice or a war of the most destructive sort, Appalachians, like people everywhere, gather to remember those who fought at their side.

NOW

Veterans gather for a Veterans Day celebration at East Tennessee State University in November 2013. The celebration included a re-dedication of the Veterans Memorial on campus. Photo by Larry Smith.

On the Cover: Photo courtesy Anderson Scott from his 2013 photography book Whistling Dixie. *See more Scott photographs on page 26.*

Civil Wars in Appalachia

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Editor Fred Sauceman
Managing Editor Randy Sanders
Poetry Editor Marianne Worthington
Book Editor Edwina Pendarvis
Music Editor Wayne Winkler
Photo Editor Charlie Warden
Graduate Assistant Emily Booker
Center Director Roberta Herrin

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The Best of Thirty Years of Now & Then
No deadline; new submissions not accepted

Appalachian Justice
Deadline for submissions: February 28, 2015

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Civil Words and Civil Wars

Roberta Herrin
Director, Center for Appalachian Studies and Services

DIARY 1863
DIARY 1864
FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1865.
Cleared off Trucking last night sent letter to Shutts = I know about ink powders
SATURDAY, MAY
Civil words
Ann Olson

"Civil Words" greeting card. Photo courtesy Ann Olson.

On September 21-23, 2006, Emory & Henry celebrated the 25th anniversary of the Appalachian Literary Festival with an assembly of seventeen noted Appalachian writers. Amid this festival of words—well-chosen, finely-honed, and civil words, even in disagreements—I discovered Ann Olson's handmade greeting cards. One in particular caught my eye. It bears Olson's photograph of Civil War diaries from 1863, 1864, and 1865, below which she has penciled the caption "Civil Words."

Having long admired this Appalachian photographer's work and thinking of the many uses for "civil words," I bought a goodly supply. In the eight years since, these cards have borne missives of apology for hastily-spoken words. They have urged relatives to forgive well-meaning words that, nevertheless, led to feuding among kith and kin.

I may have expected too much of an humble greeting card—and my own missives, for that matter. At the drop of a word, families bound by love and blood and tradition can erupt in outright warfare. Against their own best interests, businesses, governments, and even churches succumb to irreparable schisms ignited by uncivil words—or words perceived to be uncivil.

In any exchange of words, perception is key because words are capricious little things. They can leave the lips clothed in simple attire but arrive at the listener's ear wearing an offensive get-up that signals war. Or perhaps it is the capricious ear that willy-nilly transforms blameless words into artillery. Regardless, the ensuing

melee is decidedly uncivil. (Frankly, "civil war" is a misnomer and an oxymoron.)

If words can spark civil wars, can civil words prevent civil wars? Are peace-making words less compelling than war-mongering words? I think not. I believe in the power of diplomacy and arbitration and "civil" discourse, all of which are presently in short supply, from the Appalachian coal fields to the U.S. Congress.

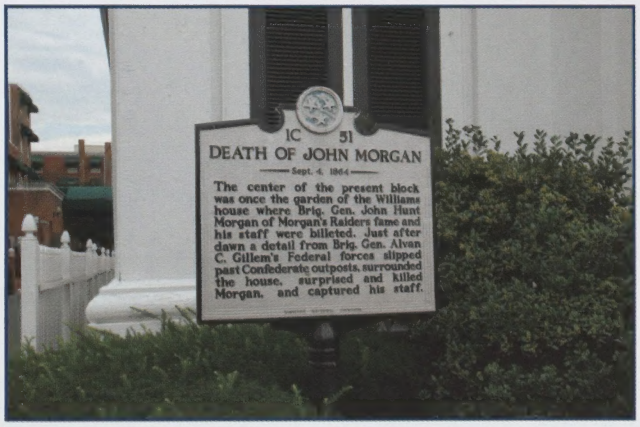
The need for civility is so great that the National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH) has made it a priority. On July 4, 2011, the eve of the Civil War Sesquicentennial, NEH Chair Jim Leach spoke at Chautauqua on "Civility and the American Spirit." He cited an "epidemic of incivility in public speech and manners." He argued that "words—the utterances of man—matter" and that "Civilization requires civility."

Another American who understood that words matter was Benjamin Franklin. For some reason, Leach's address reminded me of Franklin's 1787 "Speech in the Convention," when he argued for ratification of the Constitution and enjoined every man in the Convention to "doubt a little of his own infallibility." At age 81, he was prudent enough to know that the proper clothing for words is humility.

I suggest that words in themselves can neither incite nor avert war; rather, the self-awareness of the speaker and listener—their willingness to admit fallibility—directs words toward their mark. In the discourse of conflict, the most effective words are clothed in humility, a cloak that safeguards meaning when words travel between the lips and the ear. Humble words have power—the power to foil uncivil wars. ❖

Editor's Notebook

Fred Sauceman


1C 51
DEATH OF JOHN MORGAN
Sept. 4, 1864
The center of the present block was once the garden of the Williams house where Brig. Gen. John Hunt Morgan of Morgan's Raiders fame and his staff were billeted. Just after dawn a detail from Brig. Gen. Alvan C. Gillem's Federal forces slipped past Confederate outposts, surrounded the house, surprised and killed Morgan, and captured his staff.

Historical marker in Greeneville. Photo courtesy author.

The lines of battle were always blurred. A third-grade classmate at EastView Elementary School could be a Rebel one day, a Yankee the very next. It was an era of divided, changing loyalties, almost exactly 100 years after the American Civil War had supposedly ended. "Are you a Yankee or a Rebel?" was a question as common then as being asked about your favorite baseball team.

Granted, our choice of sides for playground warfare was often dictated more by fashion than philosophy: whether the gray hat looked better than the blue one. Questions of states' rights and preservation of the Union would come later.

But our mutable loyalties on that Greeneville, Tennessee, playground were more profound than we realized. After all, outside the county courthouse downtown and unique in the South, there were monuments memorializing both Confederate and Union soldiers. "Brother-versus-brother" stories were common in the families of our ancestors, my own included. Civil War schizophrenia was understandable.

In the East Tennessee of the 1960s, the War was all around us. The majority of my classmates, I'm sure, could point out the exact spot in downtown Greeneville where the Thunderbolt of the Confederacy, John Hunt Morgan, was gunned down on September 4, 1864.

The "cannonball church," Greeneville's Cumberland Presbyterian, was a familiar landmark that we passed during most every trip downtown, although there was, and still is, debate about exactly how the cannonball came to be lodged in the church's brickwork. Still today, the church newsletter is known as the "Cannonball Courier."

In the 1960s, my playmates and I fired plastic Johnny Reb cannons. We set up skirmishes of gray and blue plastic soldiers in living room floors and on mounds of dirt in backyard battlefields. We collected hand-painted Union and Confederate Warriors of the World by Marx. We exchanged Civil War trading cards with fiery images of battles like the Siege of Petersburg. We threw dice and maneuvered troops as we played the American Heritage board game "Battle-Cry," safely crossing the green-shaded border states of Kentucky and Missouri—on the way, often, to turning history upside down with Confederate victories. In the summertime, we insisted on vacations touring battlefields.

But the childhood romanticism that surrounded a decidedly uncivil war that almost sank the country is jarring to me today. The toys that glorified and glossed over the unimaginable pain of that war parallel, in a simpler way, the digital death and destruction of apps and Xbox.

Why are those four years in American history, 1861 to 1865, still so compelling? As the nation observes the sesquicentennial of the American Civil War, we devote this issue of *Now & Then* to that question, while exploring themes of conflict and resolution, transgression and atonement, division and reconciliation in the war-scarred landscape of Appalachia.❖

Progress

Peggy Douglas

A vulture was hacking at my feet. It had
already torn my boots and stockings to shreds,
now it was hacking at the feet themselves.
~ Franz Kafka

Frankly, I have nothing against progress
and find delight in penicillin, indoor plumbing,
and frozen green peas. No more drying hair
by sticking pipes in the exhaust of my Hoover.
And today, WSM's Grand Ole Opry bellows
from a Radiola so Red Foley can play Chattanooga
Shoe Shine Boy in my kitchen. In my zippered shift,
I can brown Wonder bread on a popup toaster
while smoking pre-rolled Salem Menthols
like Bette Davis in Now Voyager.

My familiarity with country roads, especially
in mud and ice seasons, helps me appreciate the need
for Highway 41 — that smooth idea for fast and scenic
expansion, but I just can't cotton a large swath of asphalt
cutting our farm in half, missing the front door by one puff
of carbon monoxide. A direct hit would have emptied
the house and fattened our wallet but the near miss
leaves us crippled with surveyors, and somewhat civil
engineers who crawl through our pastures and fields
like Kafka's vulture.

Peggy Douglas, from Chattanooga, Tennessee, is a poet, musician, and the author of *Twisted Roots*, a 2011 poetry chapbook published by Finishing Line Press.

This Was Our Valley:
Taking Asheville's Watershed

Anne Chesky Smith

The Asheville watershed. Photo courtesy author.

On a mild mid-March day in 1903, North Fork Watershed's first warden, Will Burnett, turned a newly-placed cast iron valve, opening the pipe that would send the first trickle of drinking water into the mountain town of Asheville, North Carolina, nearly twenty miles away. This water—some of the purest in the United States—would later flood the school, church, graveyard, and homesteads built by Burnett's family and friends over the last century and a half.

Will Burnett and his brother, Bart, were two of eight children born to Confederate soldier Marcus Lafayette "Fate" Burnett and Sarah Jane Allison. The brothers became the first wardens to patrol the newly formed Asheville Watershed in 1903, when the city condemned and purchased a portion of the land (a little under 5,000 acres) that makes up the present-day property, of approximately 22,000-acres. Over the next four decades, the Burnett brothers were allowed to live near their homeplace but under the charge that they would keep the North Fork Valley's native families—including their own—off their ancestral land. Now, over 100 years later, the City of Asheville finds itself in a similar position, fighting to maintain control of the extensive watershed property taken from North Fork's many residents at the beginning of the twentieth century.

From the creation of national parks to issues of mining and timbering rights to the removal of Native Americans, Appalachians have often experienced the pain of appropriation of their land. Thad Burnette, one of the many mandated to vacate the North Fork Valley during

the early 1900s, wrote in a May 1934 issue of the *Black Mountain Advocate* of the plight of his family and friends who had lived, hiked, and hunted on the land for over a century:

> The north end of the North Fork Valley was selected [for Asheville's water supply], the land condemned and fenced. Notices were nailed to the trees containing a new word to the mountaineers, "No Trespassing." The trails were closed. The saddened community, bewildered, wandered away. Thousands begged for permission to pass through the forests again, but were refused.

Will and Bart's father, Fate, however, found an ingenious way to claim his birthright legally, just as his boys had as wardens. Fate Burnett loved to hunt—especially bear. Some time after the watershed land was posted with "No hunting, fishing, or trespassing" signs, Fate approached Asheville's mayor to discuss a concern. He told the mayor about a number of deep pools within the watershed property where black bears would wallow. Appalled at the thought of bears muddying the city's water, the mayor gave Fate the exclusive right to chase all the bears out of the watershed by whatever means necessary.

Fate was the grandson of Frederick Thomas Burnett, Sr. and his wife, who was known as "Granny Else." In 1800, Frederick, Sr., Else, and their children stopped under the shadow of the great Black and Craggy mountain ranges and declared they would go no farther west than the uninhabited forests on the North Fork of the Swannanoa River. Though the land was rocky, the game was abundant, and the family soon built the first log cabin in the valley near the spot where, 100 years later, City of Asheville workers would bulldoze and shape the land into a 1,309-foot earthen dam.

Many other families migrated to the North Fork Valley over the next century—Pattons, Tysons, Powers, Presleys, Bartlets, Lydas, Morrises, Hendersons, Cordells, Allisons, Hambys, Walkers, McAfees, Connallys, and (perhaps most famously) North Carolina's Civil War Governor Zebulon B. Vance—but the Burnetts remained a central force in the development of the North Fork Valley from an unexplored wilderness to a community that at its beginning had a population competing with the City of Asheville. Will and Bart's great Uncle Else, named for Granny Else, organized and gave the sermons at the first church in the valley in 1823. Will and Bart's cousin, William Henry "Champ" Burnett, taught at the one-room schoolhouse that stood at the confluence of Sugar Fork and North Fork. Champ also served as the church song leader as well as the Justice of the Peace, magistrate, and constable for the North Fork Valley.

With such strong ties to the community, the Burnett family did not give up their land without a fight. On August 7, 1911, W.H. Burnett sent a handwritten letter to Mr. S. Montgomery of the City of Asheville:

> I learn from your notice in *Asheville Citizen* that you have cut timber, built houses, put up notices, and otherwise trespassed on five acres of land on Mitchell's peak, including the summit and Dr. Mitchell's grave. The above belongs to my wife, Mrs. Elsie E. Burnett. You have no wright [sic] title or permission to this property and [I] hereby notify you to remove the things from said lands, which I hope you may do without further . . . trouble.

But, still, in 1926, W.H. and Elsie Burnett and their neighbors received a notice from Asheville's Chief of Police that six jurors had been selected to determine a fair purchase price for their land. Soon after, the Burnetts were warned that their 183 acres had been condemned. Though the city gave North Fork's families a fair price for their land, most lost the money when the Depression hit a few years later.

No longer able to make a living off the land as they had done in the valley, many of North Fork's native families were left destitute and felt they had no recourse. F. Bascombe Burnette memorialized his time in the valley in the December 30, 1954, *Black Mountain News*:

> I was born under the shadows of Craggy Garden in January, 1882, many happy hours have I spent under azure blue of. . . its turbulent trout streams and eternal hills . . . The many jars of cream, butter and eggs in stone jars sunken in the huge poplar log . . . it being the only refrigeration to us at the period with the temperature around 40 the year round. We holed up potatoes and turnips, cabbage and carrots in mother earth. The Honorable Zeb Vance and Col. J.K. Conley [sic] were about our only sources of cash income, 80 cents per day from sun up to sun down.
>
> A great many men lived principally by gathering wild ginseng and other herbs sold to Hines and Wilson at Cooper

> Station, now Swannanoa. Of course some of us had hogs that lived on chestnut and acorns and other mountain resources . . . It surely grieves me to look up old North Fork at the works of man, it's all gashed up by modern civilization . . . Such is life. There is nothing we can do about it.

And, it seems, he was right. The original North Fork Church and schoolhouse are now under water and most other structures were simply abandoned when the land was condemned. Today, all that is left are the remnants of stone fireplaces and foundations dotting the landscape—many toppled over by time, weather, and fallen trees. Even the still-standing chimneys from the more elaborate two-story homes are missing their mantles, looted from the properties years before and used in new construction in the nearby town of Black Mountain. Though the original Burnetts have passed on, their descendants still feel the loss of their family's land. Many crave the right to visit the valley of their ancestors.

Ironically, the City of Asheville now stands to lose control of this same property. North Carolina House Bill 488, "Regionalization of Public Utilities," sponsored by Republican representatives Mike Hager, Tim Moffitt, Chuck McGrady, and Nathan Ramsey, has the power to force the city to turn over not only the water system built over the last 100 years but also the 22,000-acre watershed property to a regional authority by merging it with the Metropolitan Sewer District. This bill has been controversial, to say the least, particularly because the property could be seized without proper compensation to the city for its infrastructure and assets, which include 1,200 miles of transmission and service lines, three water treatment plants, forty pump stations, and thirty-two reservoirs. Proper compensation would amount to approximately $57 million.

In the November 2012 election, Asheville city ratepayers overwhelmingly voted "No" (85 percent) on the ballot referendum question, "Shall the City of Asheville undertake the sale or lease of its water treatment system and water distribution system?" Still, in only one and a half months in the spring of 2013, the measure passed through both the North Carolina House and Senate and was ratified in May 2013. North Carolina Governor Pat McCrory, however, allowed the bill to become law without his signature because of the "number of complicated inter-governmental issues" that it had the potential to raise. As expected, soon after the bill became law, the City of Asheville filed a suit against the State of North Carolina to resolve the issues McCrory spoke of, and as of this writing, the law is under a temporary restraining order.

Whichever way the case goes, the war over ownership of the land is unlikely to end. The battle between the Burnetts and the City of Asheville was not the first fight over rights to the property. The land had been in use for centuries as a Native American hunting ground prior to 1800, and it is unlikely that the final ruling in the 2014 court case will be the last. The shift to a publicly-owned resource in the early 1900s preserved not only a source of water but also an entire Appalachian ecosystem. The Burnetts and other valley families sacrificed a great deal so that Asheville could provide some of the nation's cleanest water to tens of thousands of people in Buncombe County. But now, with the potential transfer of ownership, residents are concerned that development, timbering, and even fracking could occur within the boundaries of the city's watershed, which is currently closed to the public and under a conservation easement. It is very possible that the fight for the future of the property is just beginning. ❖

Anne Chesky Smith is the executive director of the Swannanoa Valley Museum in Black Mountain, North Carolina.

Battling the Ku Klux Klan:
Newspaper Editor J. B. Carpenter and the *Rutherford Star*

Michael Feely

Rutherford County clerks, 1901. J. B. Carpenter is seated front row, center. Photo courtesy Robin Lattimore, Rutherford County Historical Society.

The masthead of the first issue of the *Rutherford Star* bore the following quote from David Crockett: "Be sure you are right and then go ahead." And underneath were the opening words to the readers of the new newspaper:

> Most humbly do we bow! The people having been deprived since 1861 of the advantages attending the publication of a newspaper in this place, we, therefore believing it to be to the interest of the county, to have a news journal among them, have undertaken the work, with the determination to exert all our energies, for the good of the community . . .
>
> It is our earnest wish, to make the *Star* an interesting family journal; one which the tired farmer may refresh, and improve himself with, in the quiet summers eve, when the weary work is o'er, one that our political friends may read and enjoy, as a journal that protects, to the best of its ability, the constitution and the Union.
>
> We shall moreover try to make the *Star* a welcome visitor in the homes of our lady friends.

Thus began the *Rutherford Star* on Wednesday, May 2, 1866. Rutherfordton, one of the oldest towns in western North Carolina, had birthed more than its fair share of newspapers. And depending on who was counting, the *Star* was the fifteenth newspaper to begin since the North Carolina *Spectator and Western Advertiser* was first printed in 1830. The *Star* was one of several papers created in the volatile days after the Civil War. Despite its opening comments, it soon became one of the more polemical

publications in the region. And although the masthead listed two editors, Robert W. Logan and J.B. Carpenter, it soon became evident that the fiery editorializing was primarily from Carpenter.

Carpenter's writing, politics, and career were all equally intense. Known as "Bate" (later on in life as "Uncle Bate"), James Beattie Carpenter was born on June 14, 1838, in the High Shoals section of Rutherford County to a family that had been in the area since the late 1780s. The county itself, dating to 1779, had been one of the first formed in the western part of North Carolina, and Rutherfordton had been one of the major towns in the western part of the state, a busy stop on the stagecoach line and the site of an early gold mine and coin mint, the Bechtler Mint. The county itself was geographically split between the more mountainous west and the beginnings of the Piedmont in the east. The economy was similarly split between small farmers in the west and north and some slaveholders to the east and south. The county was divided politically as well, and though it followed the rest of the state in seceding in 1861, there were strong Unionist (though not abolitionist) feelings throughout the county.

Carpenter's life echoed those divisions. He enlisted in May 1861 in Company G of the 16th North Carolina and then served as a legislator from 1862-64 in the North Carolina General Assembly. After the war, Carpenter, along with Robert Logan and James Justice, emerged as a staunch Unionist and an ardent proponent and political supporter of Reconstruction. In the opening issue of the *Star*, he wrote:

> The Southern people might as well make up their minds to a realization of their true condition. If they continue to allow themselves to be led, controlled and directed, by those who led and cajoled them into the horrors of four years of bloody war, they cannot expect to receive the confidence of conservative men either North or South. The plotters and authors of disunion must rely on nothing else than to retire from public view and go into obscurity. Their country's good requires it. The men who were denounced and ostracized for four years, because they would not countenance the wild crusade of disunion, have a right to expect their reward. They are the true representative men of the reaction in the popular judgment of the popular feeling . . . The position of the South is a false and inconsistent one.

Carpenter's editorials were supportive of the new Republican party that emerged in post-war Rutherfordton. It found its base of support in the local Unionists and free blacks who were being registered to vote by the Freedmen's Bureau, which had a local office in the courthouse. Carpenter gladly struck a nerve in the local Democrats and remnants of the old antebellum power base in Rutherford County and antagonized politicians across the area. One of his prime editorial opponents was Randolph Abbott Shotwell, son of the local Presbyterian minister and a fiery supporter of the old order. Shotwell began publishing the Democratic-leaning *Western Vindicator* in 1868. Ironically, he bought the *Star* printing press from Carpenter for $200 in February 1868. (Carpenter soon after resurrected the *Star* with a different press in 1868.) For several years a vituperative newspaper war was fought between Carpenter and Shotwell. Both had negative opinions of the other's paper, with Shotwell describing the *Star* as having acquired "a reputation for poorest typographical appearance, the most glaring inaccuracies of spelling and grammar; and the bitterest partisanship of any Radical publication in the State, which is saying a very, very great deal."

The printing war turned more serious as Rutherford County experienced the rise of the Ku Klux Klan in 1868, just as it became increasingly active across upstate South Carolina and in neighboring Cleveland County, North Carolina. Klan violence was targeted toward African Americans as well as their white allies, and Randolph Shotwell's memoirs give a clear perspective of how the former Confederates viewed this new multiracial alliance. Shotwell viewed the Republicans and their supporters as "rough uncultivated men," mongrels and worse. For him, the nightriders were simply reacting to the abuse of power and political excesses of the Republican officeholders and their allies. Shotwell and Carpenter became bitter enemies both editorially and politically, and Shotwell recounted in great detail how Carpenter rode up to his house and threatened to kill him.

Klan violence reached its peak in 1871 with two major raids in Rutherfordton. The second, on June 11, destroyed the printing presses and type of the *Rutherford Star*. Carpenter was in Washington at the time, testifying before a Joint Select Committee investigating Klan activity throughout the South. His testimony, along with the appeal of Governor Tod Robinson Caldwell of North Carolina, led to the introduction of U. S. Army cavalry into Rutherfordton in 1871. Shotwell was in town but had left the *Vindicator*. (He would lose money on at least three newspapers during his

career.) Arrests and trials soon followed, and the Klan was broken by arrests (including Shotwell) and by Klan members incriminating each other. So many were arrested that the local jail was called by the Republicans the "Democratic Hotel." By 1873 the Klan began to disappear as a visible political force in the Carolinas.

The year 1872 also marked the high point of Reconstruction and Republican politics in North Carolina. The 1872 presidential election was won by Rutherford B. Hayes after a compromise with the Democrats in the former Confederacy. After his victory, the federal government noticeably began to pull back from the South. For Unionist Republicans like Carpenter, this was a major political setback. For African Americans, it marked the beginning of a rapid descent into second-class citizenship or worse.

After serving a year in prison in Albany, New York, Randolph Shotwell returned to North Carolina and worked at a variety of jobs, including serving as the state librarian. He died in 1884. J. B. Carpenter left politics and the newspaper business and became ordained as a Methodist minister in the Southern branch of the church in 1875. He died in 1926 and was lauded as one of the grand old men of Rutherford County and the Methodist church. Yet if his political or journalistic career were mentioned at all, it was not in a positive way. His obituary read: "Brother Carpenter was a man of decided character and positive convictions. Before his conversion he was a leader in the things in which he participated for evil. His life and influence for the wrong were in the open. When he gave his heart to God his face was set as a flint for the right." ❖

Michael Feely is the director of Mission Advancement at Henderson Settlement in Frakes, Kentucky, and White Oak, Tennessee, and teaches history at Tennessee Temple University.

Territorial

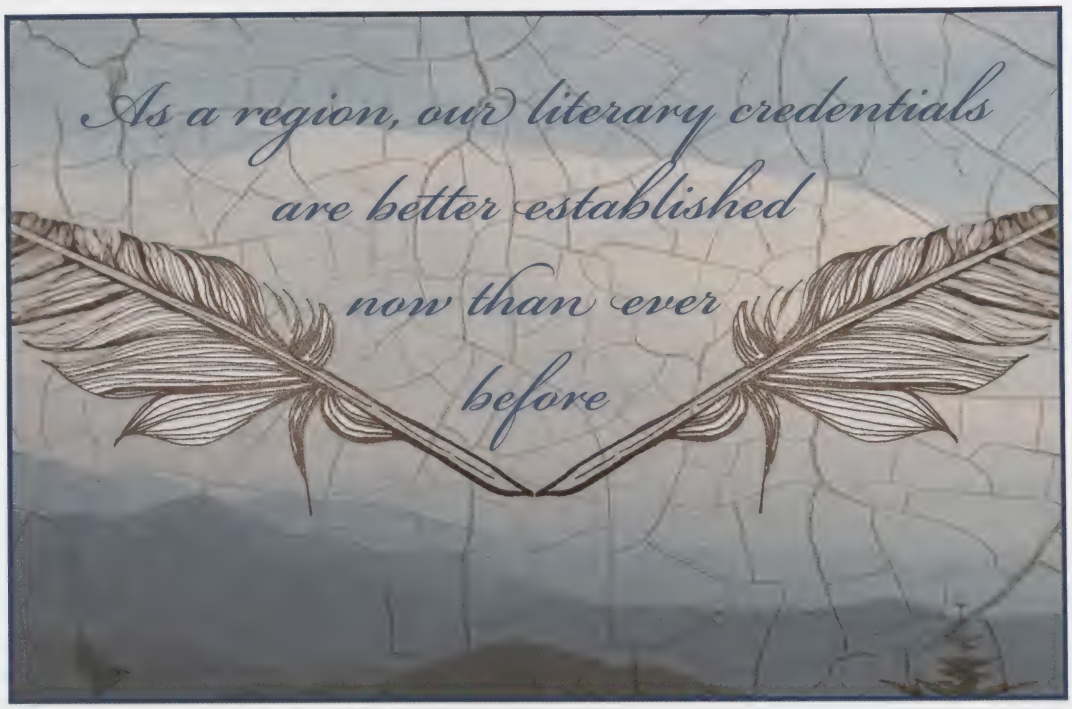
Susan O'Dell Underwood

Maybe we girls braced ourselves for long flight
the day we found out the land could never be ours.
The eldest boys seemed to flash like meadowlarks above us,
drifting extraordinary into the fields our fathers owned
and their fathers before. They would sing, sing, sing,
sing, sing themselves, announcing their dominion,
though we knew it from their colors already.
We pecked our browner ways in shade
and kept our voices to ourselves.
Their heads lifted under gold-tipped crowns,
free to bare their bright chests in proclamation.

Susan O'Dell Underwood, originally from Bristol, Tennessee, teaches and directs the creative writing program at Carson-Newman University.

Literary Feuds in Appalachia

Edwina Pendarvis



Montage by Randy Sanders from a photo by Charlie Warden and words by author.

Feeling embattled after years of hillbilly jokes and corporate messes, Appalachian critics may have more than the usual number of reasons to be gentle in their treatment of fellow writers. Whatever the causes of the good humor with which most books by Appalachians are reviewed in regional periodicals, there are plenty of exceptions to the rule. It's a stretch to call them "feuds," but they say a lot about the literature of the region.

Southern Appalachian writers have gotten the lion's share of criticism from outside the region. They have been described as not quite right in the head—"obsessed," as a *New York Times* article said of William Faulkner, "with murder, rape, incest, suicide, greed and general depravity." Appalachian writers, southern and otherwise, are often admired for their devotion to place but regarded as lacking in intellect. Even highly respected poet Charles Wright has been accused of muddle-headedness. In an article on lyric poetry, Calvin Bedient says of a Wright poem, "... the writing is emotionally soft and dishonest . . . It may also be confused as to its real grievance, which is not that time ends our song but that we have to be articulate at all, can't simply be instantly infinite."

Some of the noisiest barrages have been fired at books about the Melungeons, though the attacks aren't just from outsiders. It's a free-for-all. N. Brent Kennedy's book *The Melungeons* was in its second edition when historian David Henige charged him with egocentrism, too little use of primary documents, misinterpretation of terms, and a tendency to avoid evidence that might lead to the conclusion that African ancestry is important in Melungeon descent. Coming to Kennedy's defense, Appalachian scholar Darlene Wilson chastised Henige for attacking Kennedy's scholarship when Kennedy never claimed to be a scholar. She called him "patronizing" and a "rigid structuralist" and accuses him of "egregious malquotation" in condemning Kennedy as racist. She

noted that Kennedy neglected Henige's research on Melungeons, and she quips, "Hell hath no fury like a scholar ignored."

Spirited attacks by Appalachians against books by non-Appalachians can be found in abundance. These attacks—self-defense, really—against stereotypes have blown John Fox, Jr.'s corpus to bits, left James Dickey's *Deliverance* full of arrows, and harried many other novelists who have mined the region for material and exploited stereotypes. In the early 1990s, Robert Schenkkan's Pulitzer Prize for *The Kentucky Cycle* offered such insult that John Ed Pearce called the play "the literary equivalent of a drive-by shooting." An entire book was inspired by indignation over Schenkkan's play and the accolades it inspired from outside critics. A team of sharpshooters organized one of the most definitive literary defenses ever published in *Confronting Appalachian Stereotypes: Back Talk from an American Region*.

In 1999, Lynda Ann Ewen and Julia Lewis launched an attack in the *Journal of Appalachian Studies* on a "classic" study, Kai Erikson's *Everything in its Path: The Destruction of Community*. They characterize Erikson's research as another "travel account," written by someone who spent a short amount of time in Appalachia and leveraged that time into "expertise" about the region. Ewen and Lewis say Erikson selected and slanted data "to prove that Appalachians are fatalistic, narrow in their world views, and slow to adjust to change"—the assumption he started out with.

Appalachian writers aren't prone to fight among themselves, but they've had their falling-outs. Probably the most famous falling-out in Appalachian literary history is the one between Jesse Stuart and Don West. As the story goes, West needed money desperately after getting thrown into trouble over some union organizing. He wrote to his pal, Jesse Stuart, asking Stuart to repay some money West had loaned him years before, when they were college students. Stuart refused, telling West that he didn't want his money to go to a cause he didn't believe in. Scholar Chris Green notes that West continued to visit Stuart occasionally for a few years after that. It's not clear how friendly the visits were. Stuart biographer Jim Gifford says that after West's visits, Stuart sometimes penned a letter to James Still ranting about West, their mutual friend. Stuart thought West's work crudely in service to his politics, and West thought Stuart's and Still's work too accommodating to the status quo.

Recent quarrels are less personal but sometimes vehement. Michael Birdwell, reviewing John Perry's *Sgt. York: His Life, Legend, and Legacy—The Remarkable Untold Story of Sergeant Alvin C. York*, called Perry's Sergeant York an "ossified, one-dimensional man":

> Unfortunately, this haphazard, poorly researched book . . . neither sheds new light on York nor offers serious analysis of his often-contradictory life. For the most part Perry's biography is an exercise in hagiography.

John Alexander Williams accuses fiction writer Pinckney Benedict of stereotyping poor people. Williams says that Benedict, being rich, doesn't know the people he portrays and doesn't do enough research to make up for inexperience. He says the portrayals are formulaic, and the women are just props, "ornamenting the men's lives if they're lucky, more typically winding up hurt or dead." While pummeling Benedict, Williams aims a punch at another writer—comparing Benedict to "that other cavalier of backcountry machismo, Cormac McCarthy." In response, Barbara Rasmussen faults Williams' logic: "Rich boys, he seems to say, can't write about poor ones." She asks how he can write about rich people (referring to one of Williams' scholarly works) and yet disqualify Benedict from writing about poor people.

Gina Herring's review of Danny Miller's *Wingless Flights: Appalachian Women in Fiction* says the book is "solid, earnest, competent, informative, and accessible," then goes on to say it fails to offer a compelling analysis of literary portraits of women. Then she broadens her criticism:

> The Appalachian literary establishment must not celebrate itself simply because it rescues and dignifies marginalized people. It must insist on substantive work, on standards of excellence in scholarship. Allowing biographical and historical background and plot synopses to pass as significant scholarship undermines Appalachian studies as a serious, worthy endeavor. It's time to get beyond stereotype-bashing.

Unsurprisingly, Miller never publicly thanked her, on his own behalf or on behalf of the Appalachian literary establishment, for her advice.

In a letter to the editor in *Appalachian Journal*, poet Victor Depta offers some praise of Dick Hague's poem, "Where Drunk Men Go." He sees the poem, however, as exalting the American myth of male freedom in the wilderness, a fantasy he considers "pathetic," "ridiculous," and "misogynistic"—and not peculiarly Appalachian. Hague's defense manages

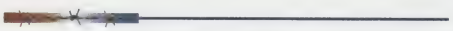
to be ostensibly noncommittal, yet insulting. He said he doesn't read the poem the way Depta does and isn't responsible for Depta's reading. He leaves the poem to whatever reader it encounters: "some avid Boy Scout," "sweating medic," or "weeping fool."

Chris Offutt's *No Heroes: A Memoir of Coming Home* conjured up a storm of criticism. John Inscoe, reviewing the book for *Applachian Journal*, found Offutt's memoir condescending toward eastern Kentucky. Lots of Appalachians thought that was putting it mildly. Reaction to the book was so strong that *Appalachian Heritage* editor George Brosi dedicated a section of the 2002 issue to local responses. Addressing Offutt, one respondent says, "Your portrayal of Morehead and its environs borders on the psychotic. . . . You are a fine craftsperson of a 'story' . . . but what a self-serving presentation you have made of hill people." Another response questions Offutt's credentials: "Chris is not an Appalachian, rooted in the culture and heritage; he does not come from a mountain family. . . . [Offutt] has milked the image of good old Kentucky boy way past the reasonable limits, and created credibility among reviewers as an authority. He is not."

Bob Snyder's parody of another Appalachian memoir, Jesse Stuart's *The Thread that Runs So True*, is milder:

> The yaller of an egg sun was above the white oaks. It was Monday morning, time to get back to Winston. I wiped my plate clean with my eighty-fifth biscuit. I had forty miles to walk. I had two suitcases full of books for my pupils. Whitehead's *Universal Algebra* for Robin Baylor. Suetonius for Leona Maddox. . . . And for Budge Waters, the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, the *Principia Mathematica*, Kurath's *Linguistic Atlas*, and the *System du Monde* in ten volumes. Budge hankered to brush up on his scientific French.

Snyder out-stretches Stuart's stretching of the truth. This form of pointed but gentle mockery is rare in Appalachian literary criticism. But I'm thinking it's good to laugh at ourselves and even be tough on each other at times. As a region, our literary credentials are better established now than ever before, partly because we've called outsiders and each other to task when so moved. ❖



Edwina Pendarvis writes about Appalachian life and literature. She is the book editor for *Now & Then*.

"If the Rebels Don't Kill Me, I Live till I Die": The Brown Family during the Civil War

Maegan K. Harrell

Nancy and William Brown. Photos courtesy Archives of Appalachia at East Tennessee State University.

Nancy Brown considered herself lucky. After four years of war, hundreds of thousands of men—husbands, fathers, brothers—had fallen. Yet her husband William, a member of the 3rd Tennessee Cavalry, had survived the hardships of war and was set to return home. As she gathered up her mail in May 1865, Nancy recognized one letter as her own. It was a letter she had written to William expressing both her relief upon hearing reports that he survived the explosion of the steamer *Sultana* outside Nashville and her desire for his return to the head of the family table. A frightening idea turned her stomach. What if the letter never made it to him.

William Brown's letters to his family provide an interesting and heartbreaking narrative of the American Civil War. As a family living in East Tennessee during the war, the Browns confronted the same dangers and hardships as many Appalachians throughout the conflict. In particular, East Tennessee was more fiercely divided in its loyalties to the United States and Confederacy than any other part of the South. Historian Robert Tracy McKenzie describes East Tennessee as "predominately Unionist," but he notes that loyalty varied through localities. The region's largest town and economic hub, Knoxville, was divided, with 49 percent voting for secession. The Browns, who lived in a rural community outside Knoxville, remained loyal to the Union, as did many of their neighbors. Their allegiance soon became a problem when Tennessee seceded in June 1861.

Prior to the war, the Browns owned no slaves, worked their own land, and produced food primarily for family consumption. William and Nancy married around 1856

and had four young children—Martha, Mary, John, and William Henry—before William enlisted as a Union private in Company B of the 3rd Tennessee Cavalry in 1862. Exactly nine months later, in July 1863, Nancy gave birth to Albert Rosecrans Brown, named for Major General William S. Rosecrans. Despite being the patriarch of a growing family, William felt compelled to fight. His letters capture his patriotic fervor in support of the Union cause. On the eve of Independence Day, William reflected on "what our forefathers tried to do in gone by days," and he concluded that he now fought "for the same thing they fought for - for liberty." William's reflections on the founding generation underscore the deep and personal commitment he felt to the Union's preservation. The new struggle, like the old, was to preserve a nation predicated upon self-government and the protection of individual liberty against threats of disunion.

The Brown children. Photo courtesy Archives of Appalachia.

But William and his fellow Unionists were not the only group claiming the mantle of 1776. Confederates also held a Revolutionary heritage, which helped divide East Tennessee more than any other part of the South. Through letters from home, William learned about how the Confederate government harassed Unionists, such as the acerbic editor of the pro-Union Knoxville *Whig* William "Parson" Brownlow.

The Sequestration Act of 1861 and other laws threatening Unionist property and rights created even more bitterness and resentment toward the Confederate government. "I think anybody in East Tennessee ought to leave," William Brown groused, "for I won't live there anymore though I would like to come home on a brief visit and tell just what the government is doing." Learning that the Confederate government targeted Unionists' property outraged William enough to make him swear he would never return home. Although Union forces "liberated" Knoxville in November 1863, William continued to worry for his family in the face of possible Confederate retaliation. "Nancy, if you can't live in east Ten." he warned her, "I want you to leave and come to Nashville." For his part, William vowed never to return to his antebellum home.

For women like Nancy Brown, life behind the lines constituted a daily struggle. Not only did she live in a community divided by war, she also battled to keep food on the table for her family. Nancy informed her husband that she and the children were barely surviving:

> Well William you wanted to know how I am getting along. As well as any person can without money. I [have not] had any money for some time nor I han't borrowed but one dollar but I expect I will have to try to borrow a little but I have paid for most of the bread we have [eaten] ever since last fall by sewing for my peas of corn… and my meat will not hold out till fall.

Although the de facto head of a household including five children, Nancy was too proud to ask for any help. Perhaps her family's Unionism left her feeling isolated, with no one to turn to for support. Still, William found a way to buoy Nancy's flagging spirits when times grew unbearable and the end of the war seemed unreachable. He told her "not to lose heart," and he vowed to do the same. One of the most poignant lines William wrote to Nancy explained his determination and fate: "You must not get out of heart. I think I can live till I die. I eat when I'm hungry, I drink when I'm dry. If the rebels don't kill me I live till I die." Although William wrote a funny little verse to cheer up Nancy, his words show both a desire for survival and an acceptance that his fate was not entirely his own.

A few months before the war ended, William was captured in Alabama and sent to a parole camp

near Vicksburg, Mississippi. On his way to be discharged from the army, he was killed during the explosion of the steamship *Sultana*. Nancy wrote William a few days after the explosion, expressing relief that he was not listed as a casualty: "William I heard about the ship blowing up that had left Vicksburg with some prisoners on it. Oh, I made sure it was you. I could not tell anybody my feelings but when I got a hold of the paper and read it, it relieved me very much although I am very sorry to hear of any poor men having to suffering [sic] that way." As it turns out, the newspaper had made a mistake. Nancy's first impulse was correct. William was dead.

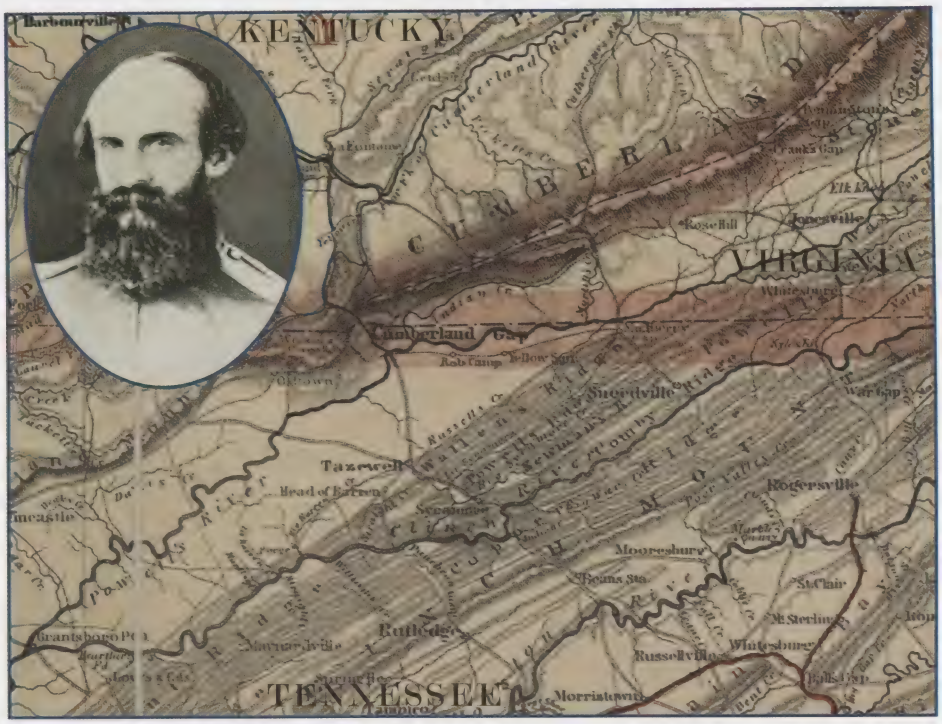
Even after the war, the Brown family remained fragmented and broken. A widow with limited means, Nancy took her five children to the National Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Home in Washington, D.C., in 1866. While her children lived in the orphanage, she worked as a seamstress to earn enough money to move back to Tennessee. The move to Washington ultimately could not keep the family together. Nancy's sons, Judson, William, and Albert, stayed seven years, and her daughters, Martha and Mary, remained for four years. After six years at the orphanage, Judson wrote his mother and told her, "Henry says he is homesick and so does Albert, [and] so am I. We have been here six weary years without seeing hardly any of relations and it seems like two more months is two more years."

Not only did the Browns lose their father and home, they lost the stability of their family life. Almost a decade after the war, the Brown family remained a casualty of war. Their story illuminates the tragedy of the Civil War in Appalachia and the divisions and hardships that lasted long past 1865.❖

Maegan K. Harrell is a graduate student in history at East Tennessee State University.

Grumble's Appalachian Cavalry Brigade

Lucas Wilder



General William E. Jones. Photo public domain.

"If Jones could have 'slined his Brigade up on the parade ground for inspection, he would have thrown his arms up in despair," wrote Historian Dobbie Lambert in his book *Grumble: The W.E. Jones Brigade of 1863-1864*, which details the brief history of a brigade composed almost entirely of Appalachian men from southwestern Virginia and the adjacent counties in West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. The brigade of cavalry under Brigadier General William "Grumble" Jones, in the years 1863 to 1864, was not known as a disciplined fighting force. Jones had gotten into a squabble with Major General James Ewell Brown (JEB) Stuart, the famous cavalry commander in the east under Robert E. Lee, and had been exiled to the western theater. His new command in the west placed him in charge of what some viewed as the least desirable troops in Lieutenant General James Longstreet's cavalry command in East Tennessee during the winter of 1863-64. Yet these Appalachian soldiers under the command of William E. Jones, the unpleasant stickler for proper military conduct, operated in East Tennessee and southwestern Virginia with swiftness and tactical precision.

All units making up the brigade were from Virginia, most in battalion form. Many of these units came into service under the Confederate Partisan Ranger Act, intended for the recruitment of irregular soldiers. Jones commanded the 8th and 21st Virginia Cavalry Regiments and the 27th, 34th, 36th, and 37th Virginia Battalions of Partisan Rangers, amounting to about 1,200 troops present for duty. Not only were the troops in Jones' Brigade Appalachian men, their well-trained commander hailed from the mountains of southwestern Virginia. William Edmondson Jones was born and raised in Washington County, Virginia, "on the Middle Fork of Holston River." After graduating from West Point Military Academy, the Appalachian native served with the United States Army on the western frontier. His military service prepared him to deal with disorderly soldiers during the Civil War.

James Longstreet thought very little of his cavalry and his cavalry commanders while he operated in

East Tennessee. Longstreet wrote to Samuel Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector General of the Confederacy, "Our cavalry is quite inefficient for want of a proper leader." He requested Major General Wade Hampton be sent to him to take command over the cavalry. Cooper replied that Hampton could not "be spared" and reminded him that he had "W.E. Jones, who [is a] well-trained and instructed cavalry [officer] of longstanding." Again, Longstreet reiterated his need of cavalry officers and trained cavalry by explaining to Cooper that "the cavalry of this command is not well organized and is deficient in general officers, in quality, and numbers." From his point of view, the cavalry in East Tennessee could be whipped into shape by having better commanders, but he ignored the talented leaders around him.

Jones and his brigade showed their true mettle during an operation out of East Tennessee and into the westernmost county in Virginia, Lee County. On December 28, 1863, Longstreet ordered Jones "to make sudden and well-concealed dash upon Cumberland Gap" and capture it in the hopes of protecting Longstreet's main body operating around Morristown from reinforcements coming out of Kentucky and boosting the strength of the Union force at Knoxville. Upon hearing that Union forces had pushed into Lee County, just north of where he was camped, Jones moved his men across the Clinch River and over ice-covered roads toward Jonesville. One man froze in his saddle. Jones' skill at commanding his troops led to a victory at Jonesville, and they captured "383 officers and men . . . took 3 pieces of artillery and 27 6-mule wagons and teams." With victory obtained and only being forty miles from Cumberland Gap, Grumble continued with the orders Longstreet gave him.

The Appalachian commander realized that taking the Gap would be out of his reach, but that did not stop him from operating successfully in the tri-state area and bringing morale to his troops. Another Union detachment from Cumberland Gap moved into Lee County in February looking for forage to sustain the garrison at the Gap. The Confederates, at the very least, could hope to deny the Union garrison sustenance and impede reinforcements if they could not capture the legendary mountain pass. Union troops camped near Wyerman's Mill along Indian Creek five miles from Cumberland Gap. Jones moved his command to the location but split his force in half. He kept the larger 34th Virginia on the east side of the Union camp and circled around to the west side of the camp with the rest of the brigade successfully surrounding the Yankee soldiers and cutting off their escape route back to Cumberland Gap. With a flurry, the two halves of the Confederate brigade converged on the unsuspecting Union troops and scattered them across the creek, capturing "256 prisoners, 8 wagons and it is supposed about 100 horses." These two quick victories sent a morale boost through the ranks. Captain John Preston Sheffey of the 8th Virginia Cavalry Regiment boasted to his wife, "Our brigade is invincible to anything like an equal force." He estimated the force at Wyerman's Mill to be "about 500." Guided by Jones' expert skill, the brigade of Appalachian soldiers had driven the Union forces out of Lee County.

As the war progressed, the brigade would be called on to leave the tri-state area and join Confederate General Jubal Early's Valley Campaign of 1864 where Grumble would be killed at the Battle of Piedmont.

This group of Appalachian rebels and their leader disproved the thoughts and opinions of their department commander. Even after the successes of Grumble Jones and his brigade, Longstreet continued to ask for better cavalry commanders, not realizing the genius and abilities of the ones he already commanded. The brigade, made up mostly of Appalachian men, including their commander, proved their superiority and within a two-month span expelled two separate detachments of Union forces from Cumberland Gap, thus weakening the supply to that station. Their actions in the months of January and February of 1864 contradicted their reputation as being unruly and not capable of command. ❖

Lucas Wilder is a native of Lee County, Virginia. He holds a bachelor of arts degree in history from Lincoln Memorial University in Harrogate, Tennessee.

Electa's Story:
A True Civil War Tale

Sarah Loudin Thomas

William and Mehitable Phillips' tombstone in French Creek, West Virginia. Photo courtesy author.

Near our family farm in French Creek, West Virginia, there is a small cemetery with a worn stone. The names William and Mehitable Phillips are barely discernible, but a recent relative placed a shiny new stone with the pertinent information next to the original.

I come from a long line of storytellers—some buried in that little cemetery—and we are not opposed to a bit of embellishment or embroidery for the sake of a good yarn.

And so I assumed the astonishing story of William and Mehitable's daughter Electa was likely based in truth but might have been padded during the many years since 1867. As it turns out, however, her story is entirely true.

My father first told me Electa's story complete with broken-down horse and a Union soldier singing in a Confederate prison when I was in grade school. Then a cousin who was well in his eighties shared the same story when I was in college, and I began to wonder if it could be true. Finally, I discovered an account on RootsWeb.com written by distant family I had never met that seals the deal. Electa Phillips was, indeed, an extraordinary woman.

Her story goes like this:

William and Mehitable had twelve children. When the call came for volunteers to enlist in the Union Army, Frank, Lafayette, Herbert, Jim, Mortimer, and Lathrop enlisted. During a furlough, Frank visited home and announced that a Rebel bullet would never kill him. Whether bravado or prophecy, that statement became the foundation for Electa's story.

In Virginia's Battle of McDowell on May 8, 1862, Frank was among those flanked by the Confederates. A musket ball passed through the flesh of his left thigh, entered his

right thigh, and broke the bone so near his torso that an amputation was impossible. He was carried to an old jail in Franklin, in Pendleton County, and his brother Cudge, who had not enlisted, cared for him.

Two days later, the Confederates occupied Franklin and took Cudge prisoner, leaving Frank on his own. After that, the Phillips family did not hear about Frank for several months. The residents of Franklin were hostile to the North and reluctant to help Frank as he lay with what many thought was a mortal wound. One woman sent him a little food, and some boys would sometimes bring him water as thanks for his singing.

Frank was well known for his singing. And he mostly sang hymns as his left thigh healed. But the musket ball was lodged between broken ends of bone in his right thigh, preventing it from ever truly healing.

Around the middle of July, a stranger passing through French Creek told the story of a wounded Union soldier in Franklin. Although she was the youngest in her family, Electa felt it had to be Frank and vowed to go to him. One of her uncles lent her his horse—Barney—who was getting up in years and was generally thought to be too bony and pitiful looking for anyone to steal.

After four days of riding, Electa arrived in Franklin, but the people told her there was no wounded Union soldier. Then she heard singing and recognized Frank's voice. She nursed him and even faced a squad of Confederate soldiers who finally agreed to let her stay with her brother. Eventually, she sent word back home that she thought Frank was well enough to travel. Four old men came on foot to carry Frank home, but before they could, they were turned in to the Confederate soldiers, taken prisoner, and marched away.

But Electa was not to be stopped. She persuaded some townsfolk to help her get Frank to the Union line. There soldiers took over and carried Frank by the only good road through Buckhannon, where they were met with throngs of people who made a party of the wounded soldier's return. Eventually, Frank recovered enough to walk on crutches and died of natural causes, rather than a Rebel bullet, at the age of eighty. ❖

Sarah Loudin Thomas is a fundraiser and author living near Asheville, North Carolina. Her debut novel, *Miracle in a Dry Season*, will be published in August 2014.

Balm in Gilead

Elizabeth Howard

Photo by Charlie Warden.

Uncle Dawson was murdered. Murdered in cold blood. We never talked about him after that. Weren't safe to talk. To take sides. Folks divided over the war. Even Pa and Uncle Dawson. Born the same hour, but different as night and day. Take the war, for instance. Pa, Union to the core. Uncle Dawson, a fierce Rebel. They fought and shouted, called each other names. The next thing I knowed, Uncle Dawson was dead.

I heard a commotion in the night. Thought it was the bear Pa'd been on the lookout for. The bear he said killed the pigs. But it weren't no bear. Somebody was out there with a lantern. It wavered around like it wavered when Pa was drunk.

I crept out to see what was going on. I had to be careful. Pa weren't Pa when he was drunk. But it weren't no bear Pa had in the wagon. It was Uncle Dawson. All covered with blood. His throat cut. His belly split open.

I screamed. I knowed not to scream in the middle of the night. Anybody heard me, he'd think the war rabble had come on us, but I couldn't help it.

Pa reared up from the back of the wagon. "Get in the house," he whispered. He cussed, said words he'd whip me for saying. He didn't say words like that less he was drunk.

I went to bed, but I couldn't sleep. Of a sudden, a question come to me. Who killed Uncle Dawson? Yankees? Or war rabble? Uncle Dawson said war rabble was scum that didn't take sides, but just took advantage.

I musta slept some but I woke up sudden and went outside. I didn't care if Pa did whip me. I had to see.

The wagon was clean as a whistle. At first, I thought I'd had a bad dream. Or a fancy, like seeing ghosts when it was only tree limbs waving.

Ma come from the barn. She looked sick, worse sick than when the baby was born and died the same day. Her face was all black and blue. Her eyes red and swollen like the baby had died again. And her arm hung down like it was about to fall off. I told myself she musta fell in the barnlot. But deep inside, I knowed it was Pa.

I'd seen bruises like that before. She'd always say she fell or bumped into the door, or such stuff as that. I figure she was scared to tell what really happened.

"Get ready for church," she said.

"Where's Pa?"

"Pa'll be at church," she said.

First thing I saw when I went to get dressed, the dagger was gone. Uncle John's dagger from the Revolutionary War. His ma hung it on the wall after a neighbor fetched

it home. Now there was just the bright spot where it hung.

Everbody at church stared at Ma, but nobody said a word. Before the war, they would say they was *so sorry*. They'd hug her and ask what they could do to help. Now they was suspicious of everbody. Some on one side of the war, some on the other side.

Halfway through the singing, "There is a balm in Gilead to heal the sin-sick soul," Pa come in and set down. He was white as a boiled sheet and there was a smear of blood on his neck. He must've cut hisself shaving, but I couldn't see no cut.

Nobody spoke to Pa when the preaching was over. He hustled us to the buggy and drove home fast. Ma's arm was nigh about crippled from whatever happened at the barn. I helped her warm up leftover beans and corn, and we ate it with cold cornbread and buttermilk. We didn't talk, didn't even look at one another.

After I washed the dishes, I got my canepole and went to the creek. I heard somebody humming before I crossed the cornfield. It was the hymn we sung in church. "There is a balm in Gilead to make the wounded whole." I knowed it was Catfish Crawford. He was Mr. Upton's slave, but Mr. Upton let him go fishing when he got his work done.

Catfish's name was really Jordan, but most everbody called him Catfish. He could always catch fish. Even when the creek was just a trickle. He knowed the deep holes, fish biding the time till the rains came. He'd grapple under the rocks and drag them out.

Catfish was glad to see me. I'd been helping him learn to read. That's how he'd learned the words to "Balm of Gilead." I'd fetched him a hymnbook. He wanted to see the words wrote down on paper, to read them for his own self. Sometimes we sung the words. I couldn't carry a tune in a water bucket, but Catfish could sing good enough for both of us. Mr. Upton had a rule against slaves learning to read, but we hid it from him.

We fished till nigh dark. I caught a stringer full of perch but give them to Catfish. Said I didn't think anybody at my house would be hungry.

The next morning, I was going to the barn when three strange men rode up on panting horses. They was wearing gray and butternut, wearing swords, carrying rifles, all sorts of soldier weapons. "You Perk's boy?" they asked.

I nodded.

"Where's Dawson?"

I froze up like a toad.

"Don't be afraid, Boy. We ain't come for you."

"I d-d-don't know," I said.

"We'll check back," he said. "See if he's showed up." They rode away as fast as they'd come.

A few days later, I was hunting the cows when I seen a scrap of cloth hanging on a limb. I knowed that come from Uncle Dawson's shirt.

That scared me bad. Instead of poking along, throwing rocks at squirrels, I run to the spring like rawhide and bloody bones was after me.

I chased the cows home with a stick. Old Maudy was slow as molasses, wouldn't hurt a flea most times, but she got her dander up and kicked at me.

Ma raised cane when she saw how hot and lathered the cows was. "They'll hold back their milk," she said. "We won't have enough to drink, much less feed the pigs."

•

The men come up on me ever few days. Asked me the same question ever time. I was as nervous as a flock of guineas. Jumping at ever noise. Seeing ghosts in the shadows.

I dreamed about Uncle Dawson laying in the wagon. Then I'd picture him dead, buried somewhere in the woods. Always the question come to me – who killed him? And where had they put him?

Ever time I got a chance, I searched. All the sinkholes, boggy spots, cedar barrens, rock piles. No more scraps from Uncle Dawson's shirt. No sign of a body.

I kept getting lost, going in circles. Then I seen Uncle Dawson in a new dream. He reminded me of all he'd taught me about following a bear's trail. *Keep your eyes peeled for footprints. Watch for broken branches. And tufts of hair caught on tree limbs.*

Ever night Uncle Dawson come to me in a dream. I had to find him so I could sleep peaceable. I didn't have no time to swim in the creek or go fishing with Catfish. Thinking about fishing made me sadder. The best fishing we'd ever done was when Uncle Dawson went with us. He would tell big tales and me and Catfish would laugh. Sometimes, his tales was scary. After that I'd see spooks everwhere.

I was too tired after my chores to wander in the woods, but I went anyways. I was dragging along, dog-tired, when I tripped on a rock setting up on its side. I knowed it had been unlodged 'cause I could see the print of where it had been before somebody stumbled over it.

Stumbled? Uncle Dawson was a big man. Anybody trying to tote him far would stumble. I saw the trail then. Somebody had give up and started dragging him. The trail was plain as the town road.

And then I seen another clue – a tangle of rawhide fringe caught on a briar bush. I knowed that rawhide. It come from Pa's coat. I near fainted

then. I knowed the answer to the question – who had killed Uncle Dawson. It was Pa, killed his own brother. I didn't have no heart to keep going, but I couldn't stop. I knowed I was getting close.

And then there was the cave in front of me. Everbody called it Deadman's Cave. A man got stuck in there for days. Crowds of people gathered round trying to get him out. They could hear him plain, crying and praying. Said a pile of rocks fell on his legs. He begged somebody to shoot him in the head. Though nobody could do that if he wanted to. Couldn't even see his head.

I knowed Uncle Dawson was in there, but I couldn't go in. My mind got all mixed up. Uncle Dawson stuck in there with that other man. Both of them stuck forever, rats eating them bit-by-bit.

It was then I decided I didn't have no choice. I had to find the men who'd come looking for me, questioning me about Uncle Dawson.

I didn't have to go far or wait long. They rode up about that time. I told them straightaway – "Uncle Dawson's in that cave," I said.

They cussed and roared, but they didn't waste time. They got lassoes and spades and rushed into the cave like it weren't even haunted.

Pretty soon one of them come out. He give me Uncle John's dagger and told me to go home. I didn't know where they put Uncle Dawson's body, but I knowed they buried it in a secret grave where no Yankees could find it.

Everthing unwound after that. Catfish found Pa's body hanging from the sycamore by the wagon road and told Mr. Upton.

They cut him down and buried him in the graveyard beside the apple orchard. Ma stood beside the grave, dry-eyed. She didn't say a word even when I hung the dagger back on the wall where it's been ever since.

She took pneumonia that winter, and Dr. Paulson couldn't save her. Mr. Upton and other church members helped me bury her beside Pa.

Deacon Gibbs and his wife wanted to take me in, but I wanted to live in my own house. You can't take care of things, everbody said. "I'm nigh about twelve years old," I said. "Time I took care of myself."

It all worked out. Mr. Upton give Catfish and his ma and pa their freedom papers. George and Oma didn't know where else to go so they stayed on at the Uptons.

Catfish and me teamed up and made it about as good as anybody else. It was a hard time for everbody as the war wound down. Nobody knew what to do with all the slaves free and carpetbaggers trying to run things.

Catfish was plowing the creek bottom when he plowed up Uncle Dawson's body. We buried him in the graveyard, not far from Ma and Pa.

When Catfish died sudden a few years later, I buried him by Uncle Dawson. He was trying to hum "Balm of Gilead" when he breathed his last. I had the part he liked best chiseled on his tombstone: *One of these mornings bright and fair, I'm gonna lay down my heavy load.*

Rest easy, old friend, I said. One of these mornings, I'm gonna join you and Uncle Dawson here. Maybe we can go fishing when we all get to heaven. I hear there's a sparkling river won't never run dry. ❖

Elizabeth Howard lives in Crossville, Tennessee. She writes both poetry and fiction and is a previous contributor to *Now & Then.*

Whistling Dixie:
Photographs by Anderson Scott

Mike Smith

Humor is certainly one measure of intelligence. By that measure, some will undoubtedly be offended by Anderson Scott's brilliant depiction of Southern heritage celebrated by these Civil War re-enactors: just another liberal elitist poking fun at the past. Truth is difficult to swallow, especially when it is served with good comedy, wit, or irony. On the surface these events appear to be sincere and meant to educate and entertain their audience. Why does Scott then have to go and spoil it by spilling the soup beans and revealing more than what is on the day's menu?

Artists are charged with a purpose, a function, in society. Anderson Scott's particular artistic role is that of a dispassionate observer who has chosen to witness a massive barrel of visual laughs and has the wherewithal to construct an entire book, *Whistling Dixie*, packed with photographs that resolve those jocular juxtapositions intelligently and with a deep, dark, often graceful punch-line. It's tough to be the butt of one's jokes, particularly when they are delivered so consistent and so effortlessly.❖

Note: Additional works by Anderson Scott can be found at http://www.andersonscottphoto.

Mike Smith has taught photography at East Tennessee State University since 1981. He lives in Johnson City with his wife, Jenny Jones, and dog Missy.

BAMA ROSE
FASHIONS BY
ELIZABETH WARREN
ALABAMA

LOOK
BUT DO NOT
TOUCH

BATTLE

Home Yankees and the Loyal Thirteenth

Melanie Storie

Colonel John K. Miller (left) and Corporal William Allen (right). Photos courtesy author.

During the late 1960s and early 1970s, Dr. Thomas Burton and Ambrose Manning, both English professors at East Tennessee State University, received a grant to conduct an oral history project. Their numerous recordings captured such things as old-time mountain musical performances, folk stories, and accounts of everyday life from residents primarily of Western North Carolina. During one interview from the 1960s with Thomas Guy of Watauga County, North Carolina, there was talk about the hardships of the Civil War and specifically the impact of Union general George Stoneman's raid on the area during the last days of the war. Guy was born about 1889 and therefore had no direct memories of the war, but he recounted specific stories told to him by his grandfather, Marion Milsaps, who had served in the Confederate army.

In the interview, Guy related that as Stoneman marched his men through Western North Carolina, the Thirteenth Tennessee Volunteer Cavalry accompanied him. He made a point to the interviewers that the Thirteenth Tennessee had a reputation for brutality, and as "these mean bunch of men" marched through the region "they shot all the home guards they could find." Confederate Tennesseans held Unionist Tennessee soldiers in contempt, labeling them "home Yankees." More despicable than Northern soldiers because they had seemingly betrayed their state and their people, "home Yankees" became targets at which Confederate Tennesseans took special aim, believing they were not fit to live among civilized Southerners. One Confederate Tennessean described "home Yankees" as "the roughest most good-for-nothing men who would not join the Confederates but waited for an opportunity to join the Federals that they might stay near home and pilfer the houses in the community as well as settle their grudges by attacking their personal enemies."

As a result of the bitter feelings, many "home Yankees" believed they too had a score to settle for the hardships endured at the hands of Confederate soldiers and sympathizers. Captain H.K. Weand, of the

Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, who fought alongside Unionist East Tennesseans, wrote that these men held such animosity because they "had suffered terrible cruelties at the hands of the rebels. They had been hunted and shot down as unworthy of any humanity." In return for their loyalty to the Federal government, many had lost loved ones, their homes and all their worldly possessions. Thus, when the "tables were turned and disloyal families were at their mercy, they repaid what they had suffered." Loyalty displayed by many East Tennesseans during the Civil War had roots that reached back many generations prior to the conflict.

Historically, East Tennesseans are known for rugged individualism. Before the American Revolution, settlers came looking for better opportunities for themselves and their families. In his book The Winning of the West, Theodore Roosevelt described East Tennesseans as "a sturdy race, enterprising and intelligent." They survived Indian attacks, war, and the wilderness. They possessed a sense of order and the need for the rule of law. Thus, when settlers crossed over the mountains into what later became East Tennessee, they established the first representative government west of the Appalachians, called the Watauga Association. Under this written constitution, a "committee of thirteen" was elected to serve as the general legislative body. They held court to compose laws and manage the settlements. Judgment was quick and final with no appeal process.

During the first years of the American Revolution, East Tennessee settlements were not directly affected. Yet by 1780, the war had shifted southward, and as the war spilled into the southern backcountry, settlers faced a threat to their homes. British major Patrick Ferguson sent word to the "backwater men," as he called them, demanding they immediately stop supporting the American cause and acknowledge British authority. Ferguson concluded this message with a threat to "march over the mountains, hang their leaders, and lay their country to waste with fire and sword" if the settlers refused to comply. This served only to rouse the settlers into action, and over 1,000 volunteers from East Tennessee, Virginia, and North Carolina gathered at Sycamore Shoals in Carter County, Tennessee, on September 25, 1780, to prepare to defend their homes and land. Once mustered into service, the men marched over the mountains into North Carolina and met up with Ferguson and his Loyalist army at Kings Mountain, on the North Carolina–South Carolina line. The Overmountain Men, as they came to be called, not only inflicted a thundering defeat on the enemy but also killed Ferguson in the process. The victory at Kings Mountain, coupled with winning American independence, instilled a great wave of patriotism and national loyalty in East Tennesseans, as well as in the generations to come.

In the years preceding the Civil War, East Tennessee developed differently from Middle and West Tennessee both socially and politically. While slavery existed in East Tennessee, the region did not support large cash crop plantations as in other parts of the state. In 1860, the statewide slave population numbered approximately 270,000. Of this number, only ten percent of slaves lived in East Tennessee counties. Unlike Middle and West Tennessee which generally supported the Democratic Party, East Tennessee tended to side with the Whig Party. Leery of an aristocratic planter class that dominated the Democratic Party, many East Tennesseans joined the Whig Party in the 1840s because of a promise of federal aid for internal improvements. During the 1860 presidential election, the Whigs had long disappeared as a formal political party, but some of their ideas remained. Voters of East Tennessee therefore cast ballots for the Constitutional Union Party, a party that contained many Whig elements. At a time when the other political parties had taken a decided stance on the issue of slavery, the Constitutional Union Party adopted a platform that simply stated its support for the Constitution as the law of the land and its support for preservation of the Union. It neither condemned nor expressed support for the institution of slavery. John Bell, Middle Tennessean and a former Whig, headed the party's presidential ticket in 1860. Bell carried only three states—Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee—and did not garner more than 50 percent of the popular vote in any state. Ironically, within a year of the election, John Bell and many other moderates of the Constitutional Union Party pledged their support to the Confederacy.

As Tennessee ran headlong in support of secession, Unionists in East Tennessee called conventions to stop the process. While they failed in the attempt to halt secession, overall East Tennessee refused to support the Confederacy. Notable Unionist leaders like Thomas A.R. Nelson, Horace Maynard, Oliver P. Temple, Andrew Johnson, and William G. "Parson" Brownlow all contributed to the rhetoric, which clearly influenced East Tennesseans in their support of the Union. Once secession was a reality, Unionists worked from within East Tennessee to strike at the Confederate war machine. They

burned bridges and cut vital communication and supply lines. To stop the treasonous acts, the Confederacy imposed martial law and arrested Unionists. This prompted many men to travel through enemy lines in order to volunteer with the Union army. It is estimated that East Tennessee alone furnished over 30,000 volunteers for the Union army.

Beginning in 1863, Unionists formed their own distinctive units, one of which was the Thirteenth Tennessee Volunteer Cavalry. The commissioning of this regiment resulted largely from the efforts of Congressman Roderick R. Butler, state representative for Carter and Johnson counties. Through his influence, coupled with the lobbying of the Federal government by Andrew Johnson and Horace Maynard, the regiment was mustered into service under the command of Colonel John K. Miller.

Called the "Loyal Thirteenth," the men came primarily from the counties of upper East Tennessee and Western North Carolina. More than 1,400 men came to serve with the Thirteenth Tennessee. Their ranks consisted mainly of farmers, but there were also millworkers, carpenters, shoemakers, teachers, doctors, ministers, students, and lawyers. Along with native East Tennesseans, there were at least three Irishmen and over twenty African Americans who made up their ranks. The average enlistment age was twenty-five; however, this may be somewhat misleading since regimental historians Samuel Scott and Samuel Angel recorded that at least 200 soldiers were under the age of eighteen, some as young as fifteen. Since the age requirement was eighteen for military service, underage recruits reported their age as eighteen to the mustering officer when, in fact, they were much younger. Most had never traveled more than a few miles from their homes, but by the end of the war, they had marched over 3,000 miles, passing through six different states.

The student of the Civil War will not find the Thirteenth Tennessee Volunteer Cavalry listed among the regiments that participated in the well-known battles of Shiloh, Antietam, Vicksburg, or Gettysburg. Nevertheless, the service provided by the men of the Thirteenth Tennessee was equally important. The men were amateur soldiers, but they learned quickly and performed bravely when led by example. There were, however, some serious breaches in discipline, which often coincided with poor leadership. General Edward McCook remarked after the war, "God bless your old East Tennessee souls, don't you know your loyalty and devotion gave us of the North the courage to fight, when everything looked like darkness of despair? I can't say that their discipline was perfect, but their fighting was."

Most of the young men who joined the Thirteenth Tennessee had never fired a gun at another human being. So when civil war erupted across the nation, life in rural East Tennessee changed dramatically. Families were split over loyalties either to the United States or to the Confederate States. For many of the families in upper East Tennessee, loyalties fell to the Union side, but there were pockets of support for the Confederacy. Because the number of slaves and slave owners in the region was very low, it appeared that the issue of slavery by itself did not factor much into the reasons for an individual's loyalty. However, that is not to suggest that loyal citizens of East Tennessee supported the abolition of slavery. Indeed, some of the most outspoken Unionists, such as Andrew Johnson, Horace Maynard, William B. Carter, and Thomas A.R. Nelson, were also slave owners. In fact, after President Abraham Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation, Unionism in East Tennessee cooled considerably. For instance, Nelson responded to emancipation, saying, "If I had believed it was the object of the North to subjugate the South and to emancipate our slaves in violation of the Constitution, I would have gone as far as the farthest in advocating resistance to the utmost extent....The Union men [of] East Tennessee are not now and never were Abolitionists."

Men from upper East Tennessee from the counties of Washington, Carter, Sullivan, Hawkins, Johnson, and Greene risked their lives early in the war to make their way through enemy lines into Kentucky, where they could join the Union army. To say the least, life was deplorable for those loyal East Tennesseans who remained under Confederate occupation. Many young boys, too young to enlist in 1861, witnessed and experienced atrocities inflicted on their families and homes at the hands of brutal Confederate home guards. By the time the Thirteenth Tennessee Volunteer Cavalry was organized in the fall of 1863, many of these boys were old enough (or believed they were) to enlist and had a burning desire to settle the score. Because they were not trained soldiers, the idea of military discipline was a foreign concept, and sometimes emotion won out over duty and honor. At times, some of the men took part in shameful activities such as terrorizing slaves who gathered in contraband camps, looting homes of Confederate sympathizers, and destroying communities in retribution for injustices suffered by East Ten-

nesseans. This caused some Union leaders like General Richard Johnson to complain that some of the Tennessee cavalry regiments were just as bad as the enemy guerrillas they were fighting. Yet when led by competent men, the regiment could fight well.

For instance, in the spring of 1864, U.S. cavalryman William H. Ingerton, not a West Pointer but nonetheless an experienced career soldier, arrived at a decisive time to help bring proficiency to the Thirteenth Tennessee. He drilled and imposed military discipline as they had never before experienced. This training proved vital when the regiment surprised and defeated General John Hunt Morgan, one of the most celebrated Confederate cavalry commanders, at Greeneville, Tennessee, during the fall of 1864. The fight cost Morgan his life and catapulted the Thirteenth Tennessee into widespread acclaim. The glory quickly faded, however, as the regiment suffered setbacks and losses in the latter part of the year. By 1865, the last year of the war, it was clear that the Thirteenth Tennessee would be used not to fight battles but inflict chaos, pain, and suffering to drive the Confederacy to its knees. Many of the soldiers never made it back home: Some died in action, more perished from disease, while still others wasted away in Confederate prison camps. For those who did survive, the experience of war remained with them the rest of their lives. While their wartime participation was often ruthless, the postwar years revealed veterans of the Thirteenth Tennessee wanted to leave behind a legacy of honor for their descendants.❖

Endnotes

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Melanie Storie is a lecturer in the Department of History at East Tennessee State University. This excerpt from her 2013 book *The Dreaded Thirteenth Tennessee Union Cavalry: Marauding Mountain Men* is reprinted with permission from The History Press, Charleston, South Carolina.

Bequest

Joyce Compton Brown

Down the clay-cracked road
Leading to Henry's house,
The one he built before the war,
The one he sold to that other Henry
My grandfather, who planked and porched it
For his bride in '92, before the dead babies came,
Before little Beulah, who gazed into that black tent
And folded into death, leaving that strong woman,
Her mother, to boil the clothes and clabber the cheese
And pull the three others out of death's sucking vacuum.
To live past Henry's fading, to hold on to that old house
Where I was born to hear the stories.

Joyce Compton Brown lives and writes in the North Carolina foothills region of her birth. She has taught English and written a number of essays and poems on Southern and Appalachian subjects.

To Remotest Ages

Cheryl Kula

Confederate Monument in Hinton, West Virginia. Photo courtesy author.

The C&O train pulled into the Hinton, West Virginia, station early on the morning of May 23, 1914. From passenger train #13, several older men with their families began their exit while the waiting crowd cheered and called out to old friends. It was the day when the Confederate Monument would be unveiled, and the visitors had come to be part of the celebration. Some of the honored arrivals sauntered down the steps and emerged onto the station platform with the same vigor of fifty years ago, while others stepped more carefully, to balance against missing limbs or poorly healed wounds. For almost half a century, these men had carried other titles of farmers, businessmen, fathers, and uncles. On this day, they pulled out old memories, old stories, and proudly wore the title of Confederate.

The Camp Allen Confederate Committee escorted the new arrivals into waiting automobiles and drove up the three blocks to the Public Square beside the courthouse. From the train station, the Confederate Veterans arrived as a group while others trickled in from nearby farms riding on horses, or drove in from nearby towns, for the day's festivities. When they had assembled, the veterans piled into automobiles and toured the city down through Temple Street and back along Summers Street which parallels the railroad tracks and the New River. They drove down the hillside to where the Greenbrier River folds into the New River, which the locals call Bellepoint, then circled back to arrive at the southeast corner of the Public Square.

The veterans and everyone joining the festivities began to circle around the veiled monument that stood in the center of the Courthouse Park, where the Memorial Building currently stands. Huge sheets covered the statue and the mystery added to the excitement of the day, despite the cloudy skies. The chestnut trees were bursting into leaf and filling the air with their distinctive scent. Spreading out tables and chairs or blankets on the

grass, the crowd ate their lunches and the veterans mingled, sharing old stories and new events, with an occasional old softie tearing up at the memory of a brother or a friend lost during the war. If a tear did fall, it soaked quickly into long beards and was politely ignored.

At two o'clock, the official unveiling ceremony began with the "Martial Airs" from the Elks Band, the introduction of the master of ceremonies, and the invocation. The crowd bowed their heads, the prayer another reminder of the comrades who could not join them. A choir with one hundred strong voices sang out southern melodies, led by Frank Grant.

A.D. Daly gave the first speech about Southern valor, patriotism, and fidelity. Later, after the statue was unveiled, visitors could read the inscription on the base of the front of the statue, below the Robert E. Lee medallion: "This monument erected in honor of American valor as displayed by the Confederate Soldiers from 1861 to 1865 and to perpetuate to remotest ages the patriotism and fidelity to principles of the heroes who fought and died for a lost cause."

One has to consider that phrase "to remotest ages." Less than two months after the unveiling of the statue, World War I erupted in Europe, and in three years, the United States declared war on Germany. In 1914, the Confederate Veterans hoped to instill in their children and children's children the belief in loyalty, no matter what the cause.

The next speech came from Adam B. Littlepage, who talked about the dedication of the monument. On the base of the statue, below a stack of arms, on the Confederate statue's left side, is the inscription, "This monument is dedicated to the Confederate Soldiers of Greenbrier and New River Valleys who followed Lee and Jackson." The visitors had just toured a small piece of that valley and the distant trickles and splashes of the New River sounded in the background.

Continuing the ceremony, T.N. Read gave the final speech about the Women of the Confederacy. On the statue's right side, below crossed sabers, are the words, "Sacred to the Memory of the noble Women of the Confederacy who suffered more and lost as much with less glory, than the Confederate Soldier." The veterans now had grandsons and even great grandsons who would follow new leaders and die in foreign lands. As they stood, waiting for the unveiling, they held the hands of their wives and daughters. It must have seemed an unfair sacrifice for the grandmothers and mothers who had already lost fathers, brothers, and children and would now be asked again to send their family members out to another war, while they struggled at home.

Then came the unveiling of the statue. Originally, the Confederate Veterans committee had planned on a cannon rather than the statue, but finally, at a price of $1,500, the statue of a Civil War Soldier was chosen. Either way, the Camp Allen Woodrum committee, after seven years of planning, stood around the shrouded figure, ready for its unveiling, recalling the resolution they had agreed to when they had formally met at the Courthouse:

Resolved that this Camp respectfully ask that the Sons and Daughters of Confederate Veterans organize a Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy to help us to keep green the memories of those who fell in defense of the cause we all loved as well as to assist us in spreading bright flowers on the graves of our departed friends.

On the base of the back of the statue, below a wreath of flowers, the inscription reads, "Erected in the year 1914 by Camp Allen Woodrum, Confederate Veterans and Camp Bob Christians, Sons of Confederate Veterans and their friends."

The sheets were pulled back from the statue and the Confederates stood for a moment in silence, studying the soldier, who, at a height of sixteen feet, towered above the waiting assembly. He stood with weight balanced on one leg, rifle butt on the ground, both hands holding the barrel, gazing toward the horizon.

When the statue was unveiled, it stood beside the Summers County Courthouse. Many years later, the Memorial Building was constructed in the statue's original location and the statue was moved to a triangle lot between 1st Avenue, Park Avenue, and distantly, an ironically named Union Street. The Civil War Soldier politely stands with his back to Union Street, his gaze now on the corner where all residents and all visitors to the City of Hilton must eventually circle. As they drive around the circle, he stands there, staring out at the railroad, the New River, and the West Virginia mountains, as a reminder, to the remotest age. ❖

Cheryl Kula is a part-time writer and full-time book collector and reader. She lives on a mountain in West Virginia with her husband and two daughters.

Esperanza

Robert Morgan

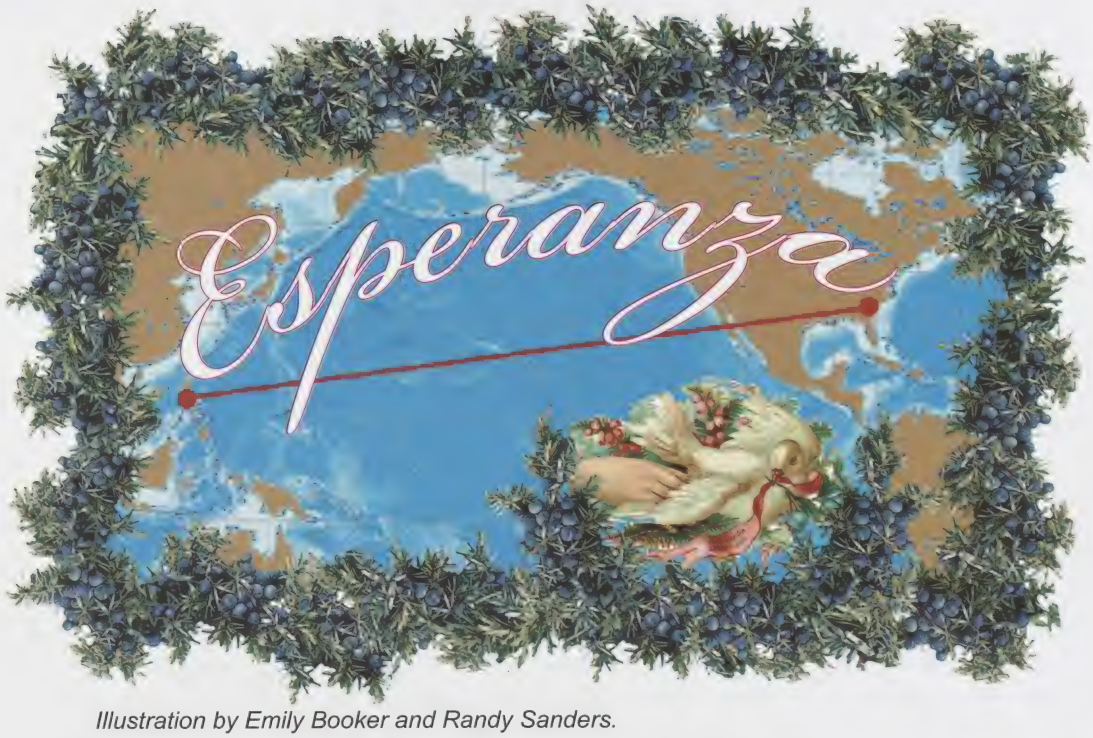


Illustration by Emily Booker and Randy Sanders.

I'd never intended to have two wives, at least not at the same time. I mean even I would never plan to go that far. It's true I don't care much for other people's opinions and rules about how to live. But, hell, there's only so far you can go and expect to get away with it. All I ever intended was to marry Esperanza and make her an American citizen. How was I to know I'd get Miranda in the bargain. And, yes, I do know I've got to take some action, and break out of this sweet trap.

You see, when a man's heart is broke he can never let on that it's broke. When my first wife Alice left me, I told everybody I'd kicked her out. The children were grown and she started spending more and more time on the road, driving the eighteen-wheeler with a load of shrubbery up north to Indianapolis or south to Jacksonville. She'd be gone three or four days at a time and I was so busy making money I hardly noticed – for a while. She'd always liked to drive trucks and take long trips, ever since I got back from Vietnam and started the nursery business. She was a kind of wild girl then, which suited me just fine. She'd say a day or two on the road gave her a rest, a good night's sleep, and with a grin she'd slap me on the belly. And it was true, in those early years we put a lot of miles on each other, if you know what I mean. Let's just say she knew what the night was for.

When I got out of the army, money was just laying around waiting to be picked up. I was only twenty and when I set foot back in the world I congratulated myself every day that I hadn't come home in a body bag. I was so glad to be alive and back in North Carolina it was like I saw money littering the ground like maple leaves in October. And Alice, who I'd married just before I went away, shared my enthusiasm.

Now, my family had always been in the nursery business one way or another. My daddy dug shrubbery back in the mountains, mostly rhododendron and hemlock, sometimes flame azalea, and hauled it to customers in Asheville or Greenville, or set it in the patch by the creek. He'd go as far as Cashiers or Franklin to bring home shrubbery in his pickup truck as a way of concealing a load of moonshine he made down in South Carolina or in the Flat Woods beyond the head of the river.

He could take that Dodge with its Lee Summer-and-Winter Mud-Grip tires just about anywhere, and he liked to brag about how much money he made, because he didn't have "no low IQ."

To get started when I left the army I worked two jobs. From three in the afternoon till eleven at night I did the second shift at the GE plant, packing outdoor lights that came off the assembly line into boxes for shipping. It was a good position, for one of my tasks was to load boxes on a cart and roll them out to the loading dock at the back of the plant. Then I could bring more empty boxes back to the packing area. Many nights I'd climb up on a shelf in the warehouse behind a stack of something and sleep for an hour or two and nobody knew the difference.

And in the daytime I had a house painting business. Alice and me painted all the new houses going up and the new apartment buildings around town. We kept a radio going while we worked and one day in 1969 we listened to that man Armstrong as he first stepped on the moon say, "a giant leap for mankind." And I thought, hell, that's what I'm doing, taking a giant leap toward getting rich.

Then every free hour, which was mostly weekends and holidays, we worked in shrubbery on patches of ground I'd bought or rented. We set out whole fields of maples, hemlocks, boxwoods, white pines, rhododendron, azaleas, you name it. We bought a truck, and then a second truck, a tractor, and then a shrubbery digger with jaws that would bite into the ground and scoop up a tree with a ball of dirt.

Now this was the time when building really went wild in Greenville and Spartanburg, Columbia and Atlanta. Hell, everywhere you could name. They needed shrubbery for new business buildings and parks, for malls and factories, post offices and hospitals, for housing developments springing up like mushrooms in old cornfields and hollows and along the by-passes. They even bought shrubbery for trailer parks. Any fool could make money at such a time. The whole world was throwing lucre at you. In three or four years we were selling so much shrubbery, and setting out even more, that I had to quit my other jobs just to keep up.

My idea was that Alice would work in the office, keep the books, answer the phone, take orders, do taxes. I'd look after the fields and the Mexican work crews and she'd oversee the clerical staff. But the truth is Alice never even learned to type. She hired a cousin of hers to help out in the office and every chance she got she'd be outside driving a tractor with a sprayer or a truck. When a truck was loaded with five hundred arborvitaes, she'd volunteer to drive it to Nashville or Chattanooga or wherever it was headed.

It took me years to figure out she preferred those longer trips because she wasn't necessarily alone. I have no idea how many guys rode with her or met her at motels on those long delivery trips, but then I guess I do have an idea: whoever was willing and had a big dick. I can tell you from my own experience she was not a girl to often say no. Poor old me working day and night and getting richer by the minute hardly noticed how friendly Alice was with some of the Mexican help, especially one of the foremen. I got a little on the side too, from time to time, from a waitress here, a lonely receptionist there, but everybody knows that didn't really count.

So imagine my surprise, after thirty-three years of marriage, and success beyond anything I'd imagined, when Alice announced she was leaving me. She'd already taken half our money from the savings account and all the deeds to land in her name. She and one of my former foremen, a dude named Herbert Ellison, were moving to Lakeland, Florida. I could divorce her; she didn't give a damn about that. And she was taking the Cadillac too.

I guess my heart was not so much broken as I was just plain embarrassed. After she left, it turned out nearly everybody in the county except me knew how she'd been running around, taking lovers on her trips, even slipping out to meet lovers in town while I was working eighteen hour days, as the money flooded in. Alice was a woman that could not get enough, though in the end she was left with nothing.

Within a few months Herbert Ellison took all the money she had and the Cadillac and disappeared from Lakeland. She was broke and far from any friends. I heard later she had to take a job driving a delivery truck or something. But that's another story.

I'd known Philippine women while I was in service. Any grunt could tell you a Philippine girl was better even than a Chinese girl, and that is saying something. When you went for R&R you looked for a Philippine girl, in Hong Kong, and, of course, in Manila. I can't even describe what was so special about those girls. Maybe it's the Spanish blood that gives them a sense of style, along with that willingness, and enthusiasm to please.

Sometime before Alice left I started hearing about local guys arranging to marry Philippine women. They'd fly to the Philippines to meet the girl, sometimes through church-related organizations, and pay the family something and arrange

for papers and transportation to the States. It sounded like a story from the Old West at first, of mail-order brides, or imported Chinese whores. You'd see a guy at the mall from time to time with a brown wife, and think at first she was Mexican, except for the features which were delicate and a little Oriental. I didn't think a lot about it until my cousin Clifton married a Philippine girl about the time Alice split.

When I saw Clifton at the drugstore parking lot I asked why he had to go halfway around the world to find a woman. "Half the population of the country here is women," I said.

"I'm tired of these liberated women," he said. "American women are spoiled. They want everything, and they want to kick your ass besides."

Now I started to laugh at what he said. And then I saw I'd just be laughing at myself after the way Alice had treated me. She'd took my money and my car and told me to go to hell, proving Clifton was right. I didn't say nothing else to Clifton then, but I started thinking. And then the next time I saw him he was with this girl. It was a Sunday after church and they were standing in line at the J & S cafeteria. He introduced her and said her name was Maria. She was dressed like she was going to a wedding, with all kinds of pink bows and things and black high heel shoes. She hugged me and said she'd heard a lot about me, and she spoke like an educated woman, with little accent if any. It seemed odd that Clifton who was not exactly an educated man had been able to marry such a woman.

Maria asked me if I'd sit with them for lunch and I agreed. I was sick of eating by myself. When we were seated she bowed her head and took Clifton's hand and my hand and said a little blessing before we started eating. And then as we ate she asked me about the nursery business. When she spoke she looked right into my eyes. She seemed to know a lot more about business than I would have guessed. I liked her shape under that fancy Sunday dress too and the tone of her tanned skin.

About the time we got to dessert Maria looked at me and said, "I have a cousin you might like to meet."

"Is she as pretty as you?"

"Much prettier than me," she said and laughed.

Clifton looked at me and nodded, and I saw this might be something they'd planned. Maybe they were trying to find husbands for all her cousins. I knew Philippine families were big. But I didn't care. I was looking at the way Maria's hair fell on her very smooth neck.

"I'm sure Esperanza would love to meet you," Maria said.

"And I'd like to meet her."

"Her name means hope," Maria said.

"I could use some of that," I said.

In the parking lot Clifton said they could bring Esperanza over from the Philippines if somebody would pay the five hundred dollar airfare. I knew I was being railroaded, but sometimes it's not so bad to be on a railroad, if it's going in the right direction. My heart was broke and I had plenty of money. I looked at Maria's legs above those black high heels, and reached for my wallet and peeled off five one hundred dollar bills and handed them to Clifton.

About a month later he called me on my cell phone and asked me to come over for supper on Saturday night. He said Esperanza had arrived and they were giving a party for her. "Just wear a clean shirt," he said and hung up before I could tell him to kiss my ass.

When I got to Clifton's house there must have been half a dozen cars in the yard, and balloons and lanterns and all kinds of colorful things hanging on the porch. A big banner said "Welcome Esperanza." When I went inside I saw that every woman there was Philippine and every man American. There was music and everybody seemed happy. Maria clapped when she saw me and took my hand and led me to a woman who could have been her twin, or certainly her sister. It was Esperanza.

I took Esperanza's hand and made a little bow to her. I'd never bowed to anybody before, but it was something I'd seen in movies. Esperanza had that effect on me, and on others too. She could seem at once seductive and a dignified lady. I can't explain it. It had something to do with the way she held herself, her air of confidence, the way she looked you in the eye, as though enjoying what she saw. Her figure was a little fuller than Maria's, but that was all to the good. From the moment I saw her I knew I was going to marry her. I guess I'd known it all along.

ESPERANZA HAD THAT EFFECT ON ME, AND ON OTHERS TOO. SHE COULD SEEM AT ONCE SEDUCTIVE AND A DIGNIFIED LADY...IT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE WAY SHE HELD HERSELF.

That evening as we talked on the porch, watching the stars slip out above the trees, she asked, "What church do you belong to?" Now I hadn't gone to church in about twenty years, but the way she asked the question told me not to give her that answer.

"Zion Hill Baptist," I said.

"Would you take me there on Sunday?" Esperanza said.

So to make a short story even shorter, I took her to Zion Hill where I'd been baptized and been a member when I was a boy. And after that I took her there every Sunday and I bought her fancy clothes to wear to church. And Zion Hill Baptist was where we got married three months later with all her Philippine cousins and friends and their American husbands in attendance.

I once read in the paper that women who are religious and go to church enjoy sex more than women who aren't devout. I didn't believe it at the time and would have guessed that the opposite was true. But after I married Esperanza I started to think there might be some truth to that theory. For I'd never known another woman who enjoyed pleasing a man so much, and enjoyed being pleased, too.

Before Christmas Esperanza was expecting. But that didn't slow her down the least bit. She had insisted from the start on working in the business, and within weeks was keeping the books, and making sales on the telephone. She worked harder than I did, and she learned every job there was in the nursery. She could drive the trucks and tractors and diggers. But she preferred to work in the office, and she was much better with the computer stuff than I was. She'd taken a business course in the Philippines. Soon she was negotiating almost all the sales. I told her to slow down as her belly began to plump out.

"Pregnancy is not an illness," she said and laughed.

"I think you should be careful."

Esperanza stepped up close and smiled. "I have an idea," she said. "Why don't we invite my sister Miranda to come over to help out until the baby comes, and maybe to stay and help out with the baby?"

Again I knew I was being railroaded. That must be something she'd planned all along. But it did seem like a good idea. It would make things easier for me. If Miranda worked half as hard as Esperanza she would be worth the cost of flying her over.

"OK," I said. "Let's send her the money."

"And enough to buy new clothes and help Mama out too."

"That sounds good," I said.

It surprised me how quickly Esperanza learned things. Maybe it was her training in the business college, or maybe she was just smart *and* ambitious. She was the first person I knew who could go online and get the best and cheapest airline tickets. Within a few months of our marriage she knew how to find the best suppliers of fertilizer, diesel fuel, seedlings, herbicides, insecticides, in the Carolinas or eastern Tennessee. She painted the rooms in our house and put new wallpaper in the living room.

"We'll need to build extra rooms after the baby comes," she said. I could have said, this house is already bigger than any place you've ever lived, but I didn't. Esperanza was a force like a tidal wave, a tsunami, in her compact body and high heels and pretty dresses. It was a lot easier to go along with her than to stand in her way. Besides, everything she did was smart and good for the business and my comfort.

"You're the boss," she liked to say and laugh, even as she took charge of one job after another, and cut back on costs in places I would never have thought to look, recycling everything on the place, repairing old tools and equipment instead of buying new.

When Miranda arrived I saw she was a younger and slimmer version of Esperanza. She dressed the same way as her sister and wore the same black high heels. But she was shyer and not so confident in meeting new people. She'd studied nursing, not business, and her English was not quite as American as Esperanza's. But she was just as pretty, with a dreaminess, a kind of haunted look I found appealing. I thought at first that look was caused by homesickness, but later saw it was just the way she was, like she was thinking of something faraway that was at once both sad and wonderful. If she found me looking at her she turned away, and then turned back, and looked into my eyes.

But there was little time for dreaming for Miranda, for her sister put her to work at once. It was fall and leaves were drifting from the maples and oaks and poplars in the yard. Esperanza told Miranda to rake up all the leaves and burn them. I reminded her that there was a law against burning leaves, especially in dry weather. To burn anything you needed a permit from the district fire department.

"No one will bother us if we keep the fires small," Esperanza said.

Wearing white shorts and a pink blouse tied at the waist Miranda raked every leaf and picked up every stick in the yard and driveway, and around the pool in the backyard and back to the equipment shed. She burned the leaves in little piles and no deputy or fire marshal ever came by to cite us. Esperanza then put her to

work in the house, scrubbing every room, carrying boxes of old clothes up to the attic, washing windows, cleaning out the basement.

"We've got to get this house in shape before I go to the hospital," Esperanza said. "And when I come back I'll spend my time looking after the baby. It'll be up to Miranda to keep things going."

"I'll be here," I said.

"Don't you worry, honey, Miranda will look after things," Esperanza said and patted my cheek.

From time to time I found Miranda glancing at me with her black eyes, as though expecting me to say something, give her an order, put a hand on her shoulder. It was a look of curiosity and expectation. And I wondered what Esperanza had said to her about me. And I worried that I'd let Esperanza take charge too much, much too much. It was so easy I'd just given in at every turn as she assumed more and more responsibility. But now that she was nearing her time I thought I'd put off any kind of confrontation or discussion until later.

And then one morning when it was almost winter and Esperanza was due in about a month, she said to me, "I don't think we should sleep together until after the baby comes."

"I understand."

"I knew you would," she said and put her hand on my cheek.

"But Miranda will be with you."

"What?"

"Now be nice," Esperanza said. "My sister wants to be a part of things; she wants to help out."

"Does she know about this?"

"It was her idea. She wants to sleep with you." I remembered the looks Miranda had given me, like she was waiting for me to speak. I must have looked surprised and confused because Esperanza said, "It's OK, baby. It's like in the Bible. Important men have a first wife, and then a second wife. And the first wife is in charge. It's better if they're sisters."

I won't say I wasn't pleased. And the way she gave it a religious twist, comparing ours to households in the Old Testament, made it seem even more pleasing and right, the way things were supposed to be. She'd thought it all out before, and like everything else Esperanza did, it just seemed to fall naturally in place.

That night I went to bed in the guest room and Miranda came to me in her silky gown. Since arriving she'd bought a whole new wardrobe like Esperanza's. She seemed curious, but not at all scared. Before she got in bed she knelt and prayed for a minute or two. I hadn't expected that. I hadn't guessed that she was even more devout than her sister. But that was OK with me. If there is one thing I've learned over the years it's not to interfere with somebody else's religion.

It was an adventure having Miranda share my bed with Esperanza just a room away. Miranda was a virgin, but she was more than willing. And something I've noticed is that small women have even more energy than bigger women. Forgive my vulgarity, but it's true. It's like every woman has only so much energy and the allotment goes farther in smaller models, like a big motor in a smaller car. You know what I mean.

Nothing ever happens the way you expect it to. Because Alice left, and because of the way she left, I would have expected our children, Shirley and Curt, to have sided with me. After all, I was not the one who split. I hadn't taken the money and run off. You'd have thought they would have sympathized with the old man who'd been cuckolded. And maybe they did, at first. They'd answer my phone calls and Shirley even came by once with her new boyfriend that worked as a mechanic for NASCAR. And she sent me a Christmas present by UPS. Curt had never been one to come back home much. He drove a truck for a racing team, not the truck that carried the race cars, but a truck full of souvenirs, tee shirts, caps, plaques, photos, things to be sold at the track. On any given weekend he might be in California, or Omaha, or Ontario.

But after Alice was abandoned by Herbert Ellison, and had to work as a driver or whatever it was down in Lakeland, and then Columbia, South Carolina, they both went over to their mama's side. It was like they blamed me for not taking her back or something, like the split had been my fault. People never act the way you'd expect, even those you think you know best, or maybe especially those you think you know best. The next Christmas they went to Alice in Columbia and never even sent me a Christmas card. They never thanked me for the checks I'd sent, and they never returned my calls to their cell phones.

By then of course they'd heard about Esperanza. But how could they hold that against me? Was I supposed to cut it off and live like a monk the rest of my life? Were they just mad because Esperanza was a foreigner? The way Shirley and Curt acted hurt my feelings more than Alice's desertion.

"They'll come back," Esperanza said. "They'll change their minds. You'll see."

But I turned away from her. I refused to discuss my older children with anybody. And Esperanza didn't say any more. Instead she threw a big party for her Philippine friends and their husbands and gave me a down-

filled hunting vest with pockets for shotgun shells and a turkey call.

I don't need to go into details, but I can tell you little sister Miranda was the best lover I ever had. From her innocent manner and bedtime devotions you never would guess the capacity and imagination she gave to lovemaking. In the period before little Philip was born, and afterward, I almost forgot that I'd ever slept with anybody else.

Esperanza said and giggled. She put her hand where she knew it would be effective and I went along with her. But even so I knew I was being railroaded again. Wasn't me making decisions any longer. In my own house I was the one following orders. They were pleasant orders, it's true, but not my orders.

And then a few days later a truck appeared with ten thousand Irish juniper seedlings in the bed. A crew

WASN'T ME MAKING DECISIONS ANY LONGER. IN MY OWN HOUSE I WAS THE ONE FOLLOWING ORDERS. THEY WERE PLEASANT ORDERS, IT'S TRUE, BUT NOT MY ORDERS.

When Esperanza came home from the hospital with the baby, Miranda helped her with everything. Soon the younger sister was changing the baby, carrying him around when he cried, feeding him his formula in the night. And Esperanza returned to business, spending hours on the computer, on the phone, talking to the Mexican foremen. She'd learned the business so thoroughly there was little for me to do. All I had to do was lay back and enjoy myself.

I might have gone along with it all and cultivated my lazy ways, except that two things happened. About six weeks after little Philip was born Miranda didn't come to my room one night. Instead Esperanza appeared and took off her robe and slipped into the bed beside me. I knew she'd gained some weight during her pregnancy, but I was surprised at the contrast of her full figure with Miranda's slender form. Some men might call her voluptuous, but her girth and curves didn't appeal to me as much as Miranda's sleekness.

"Where is Miranda?" I said.

"She's taking care of the baby," unloaded them out by the tractor shed.

"Who ordered that?" I asked.

"Me," Esperanza said.

"But you know they don't grow well in the hotter lowlands, in places like Atlanta and Jacksonville," I said.

"Who said anything about Atlanta or Jacksonville? They grow well in Virginia and places north. We can expand in that direction too."

Esperanza had done her research. Landscapers in Roanoke and Maryland, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, were ordering Irish junipers. They said Irish junipers added dignity, a stateliness to a yard. I think what made me the maddest was that she was probably right. But only a week earlier at the fertilizer and supply store in town I'd seen two clerks looking at me and one said "pussy whipped" and they laughed. I guess everybody knew by then about Esperanza *and* Miranda. Those words stung like a deerfly bite.

"Who's in charge of this place?" I shouted to Esperanza.

"Honey, don't act like that."

"Whose name is on the deeds? Who pays the taxes?"

"I'm only doing it for you," Esperanza said. "Everything I do is for us, for you."

"Next time you ask me before you order a truck load of seedlings."

Esperanza took my hand and smiled at me. "Of course," she said. "I will."

That smile and that gentle voice, that touch, were impossible to shout at. If it had been Alice she'd have screamed to deepest hell. But that wasn't Esperanza's way. She was calm as if I had thanked her. She brought me a cold beer and sat beside me on the couch. She said more land was being cleared along the branch where the soil was perfect for the junipers. The county agent had come out and tested the soil. That night Miranda came to my room for the first time in weeks.

I'd always thought of Social Security as something for old people, something for failures and sluggards to fall back on. My daddy called it "rocking chair money," and he never tired of saying what an awful president Franklin Roosevelt had been. It was Roosevelt that had started the Social Security. Sometimes he called Roosevelt a communist, and other times he just said the man was a fool. But when Daddy became eligible to draw the rocking chair money he signed up like everybody else, and when the check arrived in the mail every month he cashed it. His low opinion of FDR and the socialist New Deal didn't stop him from enjoying the money that arrived like a bonus every thirty days.

I was surprised when Esperanza told me one day it was time for me to apply for Social Security. I thought

she was kidding. But she'd gone online and downloaded forms and filled them in herself, and all I had to do was sign them before she mailed them in.

"I ain't that old," I said.

"It's your money," she said. "You paid in all those years and now it's time to get some back."

The way she said "your money" I hardly noticed at the time. But later, after the checks began to arrive, that's exactly the way I felt about the Social Security. It was *my money*. The hundreds of thousands the business was bringing in didn't seem like my money any more. Esperanza did all the buying and selling and banking, giving orders to the work crews, training a cousin who arrived from Manila to help in the office. This cousin had studied computer science and she built a webpage for the nursery. The website doubled our business in about a year.

But the Social Security was my spending money. I was like a kid getting an allowance. I could do whatever I wanted with the dough. All the expenses were paid by Esperanza. I could buy a new deer rifle with a scope, or fancy boots, a thousand dollar fly rod, or Blanton's bourbon. Esperanza had bought a Cadillac for herself and a BMW crossover for Miranda. We had new pickups and jeeps, and a whole new wing for the house, and a new office down on the highway. But none of that tickled me like that check for twenty-five hundred dollars that showed up from Uncle Sam every four weeks. Esperanza knew what she was doing. I contented myself with the little things I could buy with my own money, and left the larger stuff to her. Esperanza started putting money in a trust fund for Philip's college, and she brought more cousins from the Philippines to work in the office and in the house, including a very pretty niece named Inez.

I told myself that one day I'd take control of things again. I'd be involved in both the office and the field work. But I kept putting that day off. There just didn't seem to be any particular hurry, as long as business was booming and money was swirling in. Sometimes at night I dreamed I was rowing a boat and a storm came up and blew me off course. Waves were so high I couldn't see where I was going. But when I woke in a sweat Miranda was beside me and she was always happy to snuggle and be loving. Even if she'd been deeply asleep she was ready to please.

And then it was Miranda who was expecting. She began to show in about three or four months and because she was so slim she looked very pregnant by the sixth month. One evening Esperanza came to my bed and whispered, "Do you think you can stand to sleep with an old lady?"

"Depends on which old lady," I said.

"You weren't expecting Inez?"

"No."

"Two are enough, don't you agree?"

For some reason I thought of an old joke I'd heard on television years before. "What's the penalty for bigamy?" " Two wives," was the answer. I laughed in the dark and Esperanza asked what I was laughing at.

"Oh, nothing."

She'd already climbed up on me and I put my hands on her hips.

"There's a hotel for sale back home at the port where the cruise ships come in," she said as she began to move. "If we bought it we could make a fortune."

"How could we manage it from here?"

"I have family who can run it."

I knew I was being railroaded yet again. Some day I'd have to assert myself, take up the reins of business, as they say, take responsibility for what was happening. But as long as things were going well I could put it off for a while. I'd have plenty of time to turn the tables and take charge later. I wondered if what I had was love. Had I found love and didn't even know it? Hell, I'd worry about that too at some later date. ❖

Robert Morgan's most recent book of poems is *Terrior* (Penguin, 2011). *The Road from Gap Creek*, his latest novel, is a sequel to his best-selling novel *Gap Creek* (1999). A native of western North Carolina, he has taught at Cornell University since 1971.

Buckwheat Cakes

Jeff Mann

I have four-wheeled where they walked,
the summer heights of Highland County,
but I will never know ecstasy approaching that
which Rebel soldiers fell into after trudging
fifteen miles in snow. Isaac Coles,
one of six, long remembered *the comfort,*
warmth and fragrance of that tidy, genial
most marvelous kitchen…like a dream,
too much like fiction in those hard days,
to feel it could be true, the ways
pans shone like mirrors,…crockery
glistened. They sat, cold, starved,
exhausted, watching her cook,
a Mrs. Beveridge, as she *stood by*
the stove frying buckwheat cakes for
her country's hungry soldiers. She was
Hebe bearing ambrosia, that portly
farm wife near Monterey, pouring out
real mountain maple syrup one may
buy in Highland County yet. After dinner,
upstairs and into feather beds they went,
these boys used by now to shelter tents,
the stink of wet wool, fitful sleep in
rolls of oilcloth. I stand beside the bed
and watch them snore; I brush crumbs
from their syrup-sticky lips. This is
the sweetest sleep a man will ever
know or need. This is an enviable
eternity.

[The italicized phrases in "Buckwheat Cakes" originally appeared in Maud Carter Clement's *War Recollections of Confederate Veterans of Pittsylvania County* and were reprinted in Patricia B. Mitchell's *Cooking for the Cause: Confederate Recipes, Documented Quotations, Commemorative Recipes.*]

Jeff Mann has published twelve books of poetry, fiction, and creative nonfiction. He teaches creative writing at Virginia Tech.

Brother Against Brother

Wayne Winkler

The Everly Brothers, Phil (left) and Don (right), in a publicity portrait for Cadence Records, circa 1958. Photo Wikipedia Commons.

The death of Phil Everly this past January 3 not only ended one of the most influential and beloved duos in pop music history, it also ended one of pop music's most legendary feuds.

The Everly Brothers famously ended their musical partnership onstage in 1973 when Phil smashed his guitar and walked off, leaving his brother Don to finish the show alone. They reunited sporadically after that, but had not released a studio recording together since 1988 and didn't perform together after 2005. But neither brother ever managed to carve out a career for himself; they were forever The Everly Brothers. As Joel Selvin wrote, "It was a biblical torture. Two brothers forced together, unable to make their separate ways in the world, dependent and resentful of each other the whole way."

The Everly Brothers epitomized harmony singing in pop music beginning in the late 1950s, translating the "blood harmony" styles of sibling performers like the Delmore Brothers, the Louvin Brothers, the Osborne Brothers, and Jim and Jesse (McReynolds) into the rock and roll era. Their sound influenced the Beatles, the Hollies, the Beach Boys, and, especially, Simon and Garfunkel. But the

closeness of their vocal harmony belied the tensions between the brothers.

Ike Everly was a Muhlenberg County, Kentucky, coal miner like his father but was determined not spend his life in the mines. He learned guitar from Arnold Schultz, the African American player who also tutored bluegrass pioneer Bill Monroe. Ike later passed on his thumb-picking style to another Muhlenberg County native, Merle Travis. Ike's son Don would later say of Ike's musical style, "Country's not the right word for what he played. It was more uptown, more honky-tonk. I'll tell you the right word for it: blues. White blues."

Ike married Margaret Embree in 1935, and in 1937 they had a son, Isaac Donald. The family soon moved to Chicago, where Ike worked for the Works Progress Administration by day and at night played music in the bars that catered to Southern transplants. Another son, Phillip, was born in 1939.

Before long, Ike was appearing with a country group, the North Carolina Boys, on KXEL radio in Waterloo, Iowa. In 1945, the family moved to Shenandoah, Iowa, where Ike and Margaret performed on KMA. By then, "Little Donnie" and "Baby Boy Phil" were getting into the act. As the boys got older, Ike taught them to play the guitar. Both boys were left-handed, but Ike taught them to play right-handed. A right-handed guitarist can pick up just about anyone's guitar and play; southpaws are at a distinct disadvantage.

In 1952, the family moved to Evansville, Indiana, where they performed on WIKY. From there, they moved to Knoxville, Tennessee, to work on Cas Walker's radio show on WROL.

Caswell Orton Walker was a businessman, politician, and radio and television personality in Knoxville. He opened his first grocery store, the Cas Walker Cash Store, in 1924, and by the mid-1950s had twenty-seven stores in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia. He served on the Knoxville city council for 30 years beginning in 1941 and was elected mayor in 1946. The contentious Walker served only a few weeks, however, before the city council ousted him in a recall election. He was known for being outspoken and obstreperous and drew national attention when Life magazine published a photograph of him about to punch a fellow city councilman in 1956. A legendary saying about Walker went, "If I ordered a truckload of s-o-b's and all they showed up with was Cas, I would sign for it."

The *Cas Walker Farm and Home Hour* began on WROL radio in 1929 and continued in various radio and television formats until 1983. He would give Dolly Parton her first media exposure, and in September of 1953 he hired the Everly Family to entertain on his radio show as he was simultaneously expanding into television. The family received ninety dollars a week for performing a half hour each weekday morning and an afternoon show on Wednesdays. Don enrolled in West High School, and Phil entered the school the following year.

The boys were well-liked at West, and both were interested in music (although few of their classmates were aware that they were on the radio). Still, like most brothers, they had different personalities. Don enjoyed going hunting with his father, but Phil usually declined to accompany them. Phil preferred sports, especially basketball; Don wasn't interested in going out for teams. However, when they hit Knoxville, both boys stood out due to their long pompadour hairstyles, complete with a "duck's ass." Parents, particularly fathers, hated the "D.A.," which was achieved by combing the sides back and parting the hair from the crown to the nape of the neck. As Phil found out, basketball coaches weren't enamored of the hairstyle, either.

Knoxville businessman Gene Easterday told Knoxville's *Metro Pulse*, "As Phil would run up and down the court, his hair would be floppin' everywhere, getting sweaty and stringy and falling in his eyes." Coach Walter Ganz told Phil to get his hair cut, but Phil said he couldn't do it because he was in his father's act. The coach, oblivious to Phil's need to maintain a show business image, told the teenager he'd either have to get a haircut or wear a hair net, never expecting that any red-blooded American boy would wear a hair net. But Phil, who was a prankster, brought a hair net to the next game. "He had the girls falling out of the stands," Easterday recalled, "'cause he'd be running down the court and he'd just stop and pull that hair net out and stuff his hair back up in it when it'd come loose. He was just doing it to aggravate Coach Ganz."

Meanwhile, the family made an important contact with guitarist Chet Atkins. Ike and Chet had been corresponding, and when Chet played at the Tennessee Valley Fair, the family went to see him. Money was tight and the family couldn't afford tickets, so they met Atkins through a chain-link fence in the backstage area. Don told Atkins he'd been writing songs, and Atkins invited the boys to Nashville. The

following summer, they visited Atkins and played some of Don's songs, and Atkins promised to do what he could for them.

Don was soaking up some of the new sounds that were sweeping across America by 1955. "Phillip and I were singing country stuff on the radio show, but as we were teenagers, we're going to be influenced by what was happening in the music scene at that point," he recalled. Discovering Bo Diddley's music at a local record store sealed his fate. "[M]y life wasn't the same after that."

His boss wasn't so broad-minded. "Their daddy and mother was country music," Cas Walker recalled to Knoxville writer Lee Gardner. "But [Don and Phil] started to play all this . . . I call it jumpin'-up-and-down music. I had all different kinds of music [on my show], but I called it 'country music,' and it is country music, and the Good Lord didn't mean for it to be any other way. I said you can't have that jumpin'-up-and-down music on my show—it won't sell no groceries." Walker fired not only Don and Phil but Ike and Margaret as well. Don later recalled that Walker kept calling the family Yankees—"He didn't think we were Southern enough."

With the entire family out of work, the Everly household was in a crisis. Opportunities to perform live on the radio—even for free—were drying up, as radio formats relied increasingly on disc jockeys playing the latest records and shows like Cas Walker's became an anachronism. The elder Everlys had anticipated the decline in live radio work, and Ike had enrolled in barber school while Margaret studied to get a beautician's license. Ike also reportedly took a job as a janitor to make ends meet. But their friendship with Chet Atkins paid off just when the family needed a break.

Atkins had been hustling some of Don Everly's songs around Nashville, and Kitty Wells, the Queen of Country Music, recorded one of them, "Thou Shalt Not Steal." It hit the country music top ten, and just when the family had exhausted its meager savings, a royalty check arrived in the mail. It was enough to see the family through until Ike landed a job at the Campus Barber Shop. Don and Phil, however, had other plans.

As soon as Don graduated from West High School in the spring of 1955, he and Phil (along with their mother) headed for Nashville, where Chet Atkins eventually got them a record deal with Columbia. They recorded a single that went nowhere in 1956, and Columbia dropped them. It was another year before they connected with soon-to-be manager Wesley Rose, of the Acuff-Rose music publishing house. Rose got them a contract with Archie Bleyer and Cadence Records and hooked them up with a song nobody else wanted.

"Bye Bye Love," written by Felice and Boudleaux Bryant, had been turned down by thirty other acts, including Elvis Presley. The Everly Brothers cut the song with Chet Atkins and a room full of Nashville's top players, then went on a tent-show tour of Mississippi and Louisiana with Bill Monroe, Jimmy C. Newman, and Mel Tillis. Returning to Nashville in Monroe's Cadillac limousine, the brothers heard "Bye Bye Love" on the radio. Phil recalled, "That was, like, big juju. It really was." The song went to number two on the pop chart and number one on the country chart and even made it to number five on the rhythm and blues chart. "Bye Bye Love" sold over a million copies, and Phil and Don were on their way. Their sound would reverberate with future harmony singers many miles from Nashville.

"Bye Bye Love" sold over a million copies, and Don and Phil were on their way. Their sound would reverberate with furture harmony singers many miles from Nashville.

In the New York suburb of Forest Hills, Long Island, fifteen-year-old high school students Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel had been trying, without success, to break into the music business, harmonizing on songs written by Simon. He heard "Bye Bye Love" on the radio and later declared that the song was "the first thing that really killed me." Before the song was over, Simon had phoned Garfunkel to insist that they buy this record immediately. They practiced obsessively, teaching themselves to harmonize like the Everlys. In a few years, the music of Simon and Garfunkel would influence a new generation of harmony singers. Their 1970 album *Bridge Over Troubled Water* featured a cover of "Bye Bye Love."

Across the Atlantic Ocean, in Salford, Lancashire, England, another fifteen-year-old was forever changed after hearing "Bye Bye Love."

Graham Nash, who, along with Alan Clarke, would later form The Hollies, and still later helped form Crosby, Stills, and Nash, was at a Saturday night dance with Clarke when he first heard the Everlys. As he later told Terry Gross on the NPR program *Fresh Air*:

> ". . . 'Bye Bye Love' by The Everly Brothers came on — and it stopped us in our tracks. We sang together, so we knew what two-part harmony was, but this sounded so unbelievably beautiful. They're brothers, of course, and they're from Kentucky and have these beautiful accents. They could harmonize unbelievably, very much like The Louvin Brothers, who they probably learned from. And ever since that day, I decided that whatever music I was going to make in the future, I wanted it to affect people the same way The Everly Brothers' music affected me on that Saturday night."

The Bryants wrote several Everly Brothers hits, including "Wake Up, Little Susie," "All I Have To Do Is Dream," "Bird Dog," "Love Hurts," and "Problems." Don, Phil, or Don and Phil together composed other hits, including "Cathy's Clown," "Gone Gone Gone," "(Till) I Kissed You," and "When Will I Be Loved."

Their harmony singing was based on parallel thirds; each line could stand alone as a melody line, unlike traditional harmony lines which fit well with the melody but are not melodic by themselves. Some have described the Everlys' sound as "close Appalachian harmony." Don sang baritone and Phil sang tenor, with Don usually singing the solo lines.

Their guitar sound was unique and difficult to copy. Phil played in standard tuning: From the top string down, it was E-A-D-G-B-E. Don, on the other hand, used an "open-G" tuning: D-G-D-G-B-D. When Don hit the strings with his right hand with all strings open, his guitar sounded a G chord. It was a style that went back to the days when guitars were first sold by mail- order catalog, and string players tuned them like banjos, a style probably taught to the brothers by their father Ike. Don's hero Bo Diddley used the same tuning. When Don and Phil played together, they got a fat, rich guitar sound that was distinctly their own.

They toured with Buddy Holly and the Crickets in 1957 and 1958, and Holly gave them the song "Wishing." The Everlys, in turn, gave Holly "Raining in My Heart" and persuaded Holly and his crew to dress better, to wear Ivy League suits like the Everlys. When Holly died in a plane crash in early 1959, Phil Everly attended the funeral; Don was too grief-stricken to get out of bed. The brothers also quit traveling in airplanes for a while.

In 1960 the brothers left Cadence to sign with Warner Brothers Records, where they had some of their biggest hits, including "Cathy's Clown." But they had a falling out with Wesley Rose, which cut them off from Acuff-Rose Publishing, barring them from all Acuff-Rose songwriters—not only Felice and Boudleaux Bryant but also Don and Phil Everly, since they were under contract as songwriters. They wrote under pseudonyms, but their last top ten hit in the United States was 1962's "That's Old Fashioned."

"I DECIDED THAT WHATEVER MUSIC I WAS GOING TO MAKE IN THE FUTURE, I WANTED IT TO AFFECT PEOPLE THE SAME WAY THE EVERLY BROTHERS' MUSIC AFFECTED ME THAT NIGHT."

Meanwhile, Don was becoming dependent on Ritalin, a stimulant that was unregulated at the time. He also began using amphetamines, all under the supervision of a doctor, which didn't prevent him from becoming addicted. Phil also began using drugs under a different doctor's guidance.

The brothers enlisted in the Marine Corps Reserve in 1961 to avoid being drafted into a two-year hitch in the regular Army, something that had robbed Elvis Presley's career of its momentum. Taking two years away from the music business was risky; after all, who knew how long a career in "jumpin'-up-and-down music" could last? Marine Reserve training took them off the road and out of the studio for six months. They were drug-free during that training period, but when it was over Don resumed his drug use.

Don had already been married and divorced, and in 1962, wearing his Marine Corps dress blue uniform, he married actress Venetia Stevenson. Phil and Don also performed on *The Ed Sullivan Show* wearing their dress blues. In November, the brothers toured Great Britain. Don crumbled under the pressures of touring and the pharmacological cocktail forced on him by managers and doctors. Twice within a 48-hour period, he attempted to commit suicide by

overdosing on barbiturates. A round of electroshock therapy got Don back to work but failed to end his addiction.

The relationship between Don and Phil was deteriorating by then. Years later, in an interview with *Rolling Stone*, Phil recalled, "The tensions between Don and I . . . well, we're just a family that is like that, I guess. Everything that was happening then contributed to it. But you could just as easily say that the tension between us existed from day one, from birth. And will go on forever."

In 1963, their popularity waning in the United States, the brothers embarked on another British tour. Their co-headliner was Bo Diddley, whose music led the Everlys to get kicked off Cas Walker's show in Knoxville. And at the bottom of the bill was a young group from London that had just released its first record: The Rolling Stones.

Half a century later, Rolling Stones guitarist Keith Richards—who would adopt the open-G tuning for some of the Stones' most memorable songs—would write in his autobiography, "The best rhythm guitar playing I ever heard was from Don Everly. Nobody ever thinks about that, but their rhythm guitar playing is perfect. And beautifully placed and set up with their voices . . . Later on I knew the Everlys were having problems, that they always did. There was something a little analogous to Mick [Jagger] and me in that brotherhood. You've been through thick and thin, and then it gets really big and you have the time and space to figure out what it is you don't like about each other."

Don didn't finish the tour and returned to the States, leaving bass player Joey Page to take his place alongside Phil. Rock and roll wild man Little Richard was added to the tour to increase the star power.

The Everlys managed to get only two more songs into the top forty: "Gone Gone Gone" (1964) and "Bowling Green" (1967). Don Everly partied with Jimi Hendrix, dropped acid, and later commented on the schizophrenic nature of his career in the 1960s: "We'd be playing a country show one night, then the Fillmore West the next." Phil took a dimmer view of the 1960s counterculture: "The Sixties weren't my cup of tea. I never bought that philosophy that, you know, we're all brothers and that'll solve everything . . .We were against the grain in that period, and there was a lot of confusion about our direction."

At the end of the decade they were dropped by Warner Brothers. They were chosen by ABC-TV to host a summer replacement for *The Johnny Cash Show* in 1970. The show featured some impressive guest stars, including Stevie Wonder, Linda Ronstadt, Ike and Tina Turner, and even Ike Everly, who harmonized with his sons. But ABC didn't renew the show. Don released an unsuccessful solo album, and the duo signed with RCA. (Jonesborough, Tennessee, resident Bob Knigge, who died in December 2013, played bass in their road band during this period.) They released albums in 1972 and 1973, but their relationship became increasingly acrimonious. Don gave his brother notice that the partnership was over after the final two-week run of scheduled concerts in July of 1973.

For the final show on July 14 at the John Wayne Theatre at Knotts Berry Farm in Buena Park, California, Don showed up so drunk that a stage manager stopped the show. Phil smashed his guitar and walked off, leaving Don to finish the gig by himself, telling the audience, "The Everly Brothers died ten years ago." Later, Don said of the incident, "It was one of the saddest days of my life." The brothers got together only once in the next few years, for their father Ike's funeral in 1975. After that, Don's estrangement extended to his mother as well as his brother.

After a decade apart, Don and Phil began making music together again. They sang backup on the Paul Simon song "Graceland." Longtime fan Dave Edmunds produced *EB 84* in 1984 and *Born Yesterday* in 1986, the year the Everly Brothers were among the first performers inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. Paul McCartney wrote "On the Wings of a Nightingale" for the pair. When Simon and Garfunkel—no strangers to acrimony themselves—reunited for a tour in 2003 and 2004, they were joined by Phil and Don.

Paul Simon recalled, "You know, the Everlys have a long history of knocking each other down, as brothers can do. So in a certain sense, it was hilarious that the four of us were doing this tour, given our collective histories of squabbling. And it's amazing, because they hadn't seen each other in about three years. They met in the parking lot before the first gig. They unpacked their guitars—those famous black guitars—and they opened their mouths and started to sing. And after all those years, it was still that sound I fell in love with as a kid. It was still perfect."

That tour was the last time the brothers performed together. Phil and his eldest son Jason formed Cleartone Strings and Everly Music Company; they make strings and design and build accessories for guitars and basses. Jason is also a singer and songwriter, as are Phil's other son, Chris, and Don's son Edan. Edan Everly plays lead guitar

for former teen star Frankie Avalon and recently got Phil and Don to sing on Edan's album *Songs from Bikini Atoll*.

Don's daughter Erin is a former model and actress and was briefly married to Axl Rose of Guns 'N' Roses, a man who knows something about acrimonious musical breakups, as well as marital breakups. In her divorce Erin charged Rose with being abusive. In November 2013 Erin put several items up for auction that related to her marriage to Rose, including their marriage certificate, a domestic abuse police report, and poems and letters handwritten by Rose and sent to Erin both before and after their breakup.

The Everly Brothers' last studio album together was the 1988 *Some Hearts*. Don acknowledged that the brothers still had their differences: He's a liberal Democrat while Phil was "pretty conservative." Don has been described as an outgoing, life-of-the-party type, while Phil was more introverted. Don lives in the Nashville area, and while Phil also had a home near Nashville, he and his wife spent most of their time in California. The brothers refused to do interviews together and rarely posed together for photographs. Phil commented on working with Don: "I don't know. You're up there nose-to-nose at the microphone and pretty soon, he starts breathing your air." Don said he and Phil also had musical differences—too many to attempt another album together. But he kept the door open for a possible reunion. As he told the *Los Angeles Times* a few years ago, the singing is what kept the brothers together.

"That's one part where being brothers makes a difference. It's just instinct," said Don. "That's the charm of what the Everly Brothers are: two guys singing as one. I want people to leave there thinking: 'Whoa, it's still happening, it's still good.'"

On a Friday night in January of 2014, Don was appreciating that classic Everly Brothers sound, listening to one of his favorite songs, one that Phil wrote. As he told the Associated Press, he experienced an intense emotional response and "took that as a special spiritual message from Phil saying goodbye." Only later did he learn of Phil's passing. Don said, "I always thought I'd be the one to go first."

Don Everly contended that the brothers' legendary feud had not caused irreparable damage to their relationship. "Our love was and will always be deeper than any earthly differences we might have had. I loved my brother very much.

"The world might be mourning an Everly Brother, but I'm mourning my brother Phil Everly." ❖

Wayne Winkler is Director of radio station WETS-FM/HD on the campus of East Tennessee State University.

Tangle

Pauletta Hansel

Even the Fuller brush
could not unwind
the wad of curls that grew not
down, obedient to neck and
spine, but all around

my stubborn head.
It took both clippers and sharp
teeth of thinning shears
to tame the wildness
from my mother's sight.

Pauletta Hansel is a poet, teacher, and author of four poetry collections. She is co-editor of Pine Mountain Sand & Gravel *and Writer-in Residence at Thomas More College in her native Kentucky.*

Billie Joe + Norah
Foreverly
Reprise Records

This album is not the first all-Everly Brothers release by a male-and-female duo. It's not even the first one of 2013; in February of last year, Dawn McCarthy and Bonnie "Prince" Billy released What the Brothers Sang, a collection of songs done by the Everlys after their heyday ended in the early 1960s. Foreverly takes a somewhat different approach; it's a re-imagining of a particular Everly Brothers album: Songs Our Daddy Taught Us, the brothers' second album, released in 1958. It was a daring move for the Everlys; Rolling Stone magazine would later note that not even Elvis Presley "had the nerve to do an album as rootsy." Featuring songs ranging from the traditional ("Roving Gambler," "Barbara Allen," "Who's Gonna Shoe Your Pretty Little Feet") to nineteenth-century compositions ("Put My Little Shoes Away") to more current releases from Tex Ritter ("Long Time Gone") and Gene Autry ("That Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine"), the Everly Brothers demonstrated their deep roots in Americana while working to establish themselves as an up-and-coming pop act.

Foreverly features the unlikely duo of Green Day frontman Billie Joe Armstrong and nine-time Grammy-winning vocalist Norah Jones. Armstrong and Jones do not attempt to recreate the sound and feel of the Everly's album; they've given this material their own interpretation, and even presented the songs in a slightly different order than on the original LP. But they do focus on the most important aspect of all the Everly Brothers work: their close vocal harmonies. As Jones told NPR's Morning Edition, she had a firm rule for singing with Armstrong: "You have to look at me to sing close harmonies. We can't not look at each other; it doesn't work."

For the most part, Foreverly works. Armstrong croons these songs in a voice unrecognizable to Green Day fans, but he's obviously letting the material dictate his approach. On too many songs, however, Billie Joe's voice is mixed higher than Norah's. A more balanced mix would have improved the overall feel of the release. Still, for Armstrong and Jones to tackle this project at all is almost as daring as the Everly Brothers' releasing it at such a crucial point in their career. While they can't match the fraternal harmonies of the Everlys, the male-and-female harmonies of Armstrong and Jones allow us to hear these songs a bit differently than they were originally presented. And while few will be surprised that Norah Jones could pull it off this well, Billie Joe Armstrong deserves credit, first for initiating this project and secondly for presenting these songs in a way that shows more concern for them than for his own comfort zone. ❖

Blue Highway
The Game
RounderRecords

When Blue Highway formed twenty years ago, there was no real plan beyond playing occasional weekend gigs. Guitarist Tim Stafford, an early alumnus of the renowned Bluegrass and Country Music Studies program at East Tennessee State University, had founded the award-winning band Dusty Miller and went on to become a key player in Alison Krauss and Union

Station but left that group to spend time with his wife and baby son. He teamed with some extremely talented but not-very-well-known players. Shawn Lane's tenor vocals had graced the bands of Ricky Skaggs and Doyle Lawson, and his instrumental prowess included mandolin, fiddle, and guitar.

After moving from northern California to Nashville, Rob Ickes had worked with Jerry Douglas, Tut Taylor, and Alison Krauss but was not yet known as the most innovative dobro player on the music scene. Jason Burleson came out of the mountains of western North Carolina with a distinctive but largely unheard banjo style. And bassist/vocalist Wayne Taylor's musical talents were known primarily in his native southwest Virginia.

Collectively, Blue Highway's instrumental and vocal talent quickly moved the band from weekend players to bluegrass stardom, and their debut album, It's a Long, Long, Road, spent six months at the top of the Bluegrass Unlimited chart. But the key to Blue Highway's longevity at the top of the bluegrass world is the fact that the band has five extremely talented songwriters, all capable of composing original songs that sound like time-tested classics.

After two decades, eleven albums, and dozens of awards, Blue Highway still boasts its original lineup and is still at the top of its game. Featuring the precision singing and playing that is the band's hallmark, The Game opens with the title cut, an original song about a gambler that sounds like it could be from a century ago. Written by Shawn Lane and Alison Krauss bassist Barry Bales , "The Game" demonstrates another of the band's strengths, a deep respect for the traditions of bluegrass combined with the ability to create new songs that add to those traditions.

Another Lane composition, "All the Things You Do (written with Shannon Slaughter), was inspired by the deaths of Harley Allen and Larry Rice. Jason Burleson's "Dogtown" and Rob Ickes' "Funny Farm" are high-energy instrumental showcases, while the Shawn Lane/Gerald Ellenberg ballad "Where the Jasmine Grows" features a haunting Appalachian vocal.

Two songs in particularly evoke the life of the working man: Lane's "Just to Have a Job" has a melancholy classic sound and a contemporary subject, and Tim Stafford and Wayne Taylor's "My Last Day at the Mine," sung by guest vocalist Trey Hensley, is destined to become a classic, a modern take on the timeless coal-mining genre.

Stafford also co-wrote three other tunes, including the lost-love gem "A Change of Faith in Tennessee." The album closes with the only non-original song in the set, the traditional "Hicks's Farewell."

The Game is a fitting celebration of Blue Highway's twentieth anniversary, a celebration shared by all who revere bluegrass tradition and welcome the infusion of brilliant new material into it. ❖

Various Artists
Divided & United: The Songs of the Civil War
ATO Records

In the booklet accompanying this ambitious double-CD set, historian Sean Wilentz writes, "One America died in the Civil War, and another America, testily united, arose in its place . . . . In music, familiar songs, some made famous by the blackface minstrel stars of the day, offered courage and consolation, but in a new, and sometimes grueling, emotional key."

Produced by Randall Poster, Divided and United presents three generations of performers who don't simply re-create the songs but re-interpret them in their own unique ways, offering a fresh understanding of them. Some of the songs we associate with the war,

but others, like "Listen to the Mockingbird," were popular before the war and are included because they were enjoyed by soldiers on both sides of the conflict. Several of the songs were written by composer Henry Clay Work and other composers of commercially-popular sheet music, a sort of antebellum Tin Pan Alley.

As Wilentz told NPR's Melissa Block, "We think of them kind of drifting up out of the campfires in the trenches of the war itself, but they were composed by commercial songwriters, much as we have commercial songwriters today. To make a hit in the 1850s and '60s meant you were selling a lot of sheet music, which is what they did." One of the best-known commercial hits associated with the Civil War was "Lorena," performed on this set by Del McCoury. The tale of a broken engagement published in the mid-1850s, "Lorena" was popular with soldiers on both sides of the conflict.

"Listen to the Mockingbird" (performed by Stuart Duncan with Dolly Parton) also dates from the pre-war period. The lively melody belies the tragedy within the lyrics, and the song was a favorite of President Abraham Lincoln. "Aura Lee" (interpreted by Joe Henry) was published just as the war began and was played around campfires and by fife-and-drum corps, while Stephen Foster's "Beautiful Dreamer" (performed by the late Cowboy Jack Clement) dates from the waning days of the war.

But there are plenty of songs that arose from the conflict itself. Loretta Lynn presents "Take Your Gun and Go, John," a song about a Kentucky housewife who stays at home while her husband leaves to fight for the Union. The protagonist in Jamey Johnson's rendition of "Rebel Soldier" is a young Confederate pining for his loved ones, and "The Legend of the Rebel Soldier," presented by Lee Ann Womack, is based on a poem about a Confederate prisoner-of-war. The Tennessee Mafia Jug Band offers up a rollicking "Sesech," about a soldier joining to fight at Shiloh against "Grant the drunkard," while T-Bone Burnett's version of "The Battle of Antietam" tells a tragic story of two brothers who fought on opposite sides.

One of the most interesting tunes is "Kingdom Come," performed by Pokey LaFarge. A minstrel tune composed by Henry Clay Work before the Emancipation Proclamation, the song portrays slaves celebrating the hasty departure of their master as Union troops approach. As Wilentz said on NPR, "It was actually being sung on the blackface minstrel stage. So, you have white guys in blackface, celebrating the end of slavery and the skedaddling of the master, who they make fun of. This is a great thing about American culture, particularly in this period. The inversion of race, of politics, of what's going on, all sung to a very rousing tune, is remarkable."

As John Cohen writes in the booklet, "The central thread that joins this music is 'sentimentality.'": The sentimentality of these songs reflected the sentimentality behind the dedication to causes and the extreme nationalism and sectionalism that led to the war. This collection of songs is more than simply a catalog of tunes popular before and during the Civil War; it provides an emotional insight into the reasons the war began, and why both sides fought so fiercely for their opposing notions of "home" and "country." ❖

Reagan Boggs
Quicksand
Reckless Bess Records

Reagan Boggs calls this release her third solo album. She prefers not to think about her first album, Somewhere in the Middle, recorded when she was seventeen. Referring to that recording as "blackmail material," she recalls, "I sounded like Cher on steroids." Still, the songs were her own. The Pound, Virginia, native then traveled to Nashville to test her chops at the renowned Bluebird Café. But instead of continuing in country music, she returned to the Tri-Cities to perform blues covers with The Hoodoos, then formed her own blues ensemble, Carbon Blue, and recorded I Can Handle Crazy. Released in early 2004, the blending of Boggs' country sensibilities with blues forms, combined with a well-honed performance style, showed real promise. In hindsight, however, it wasn't the Reagan Boggs we later came to know.

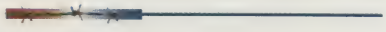
Two years later, with Never Looking Behind, Boggs found her true path. Working with producer Eric Fritsch, she created her own unique sound, rooted in traditional country music but enriched by her experience in the blues. The 2007 release Right Now was even more powerful, with gritty songs like "Ready to Run" drawn from her own life experiences. But despite critical acclaim and comparisons to Americana stalwarts like Lucinda Williams and Patty Loveless, Boggs remained in the "about to break through" category.

Then in 2009, motherhood intervened and Boggs put music on hold while she raised her son Parker. The hiatus was only temporary, however, and new songs soon began flowing. Teaming again with producer Eric Fritsch and aided by Dave Coleman and David Ray of The Coal Men (who often perform with Boggs), Eric Brace, and others (including Fritsch on a variety of instruments), Boggs created a collection that reflects, as she puts it, "the constant tug-of-war…between hopes and expectations and the reality of what is as 'life happens.'"

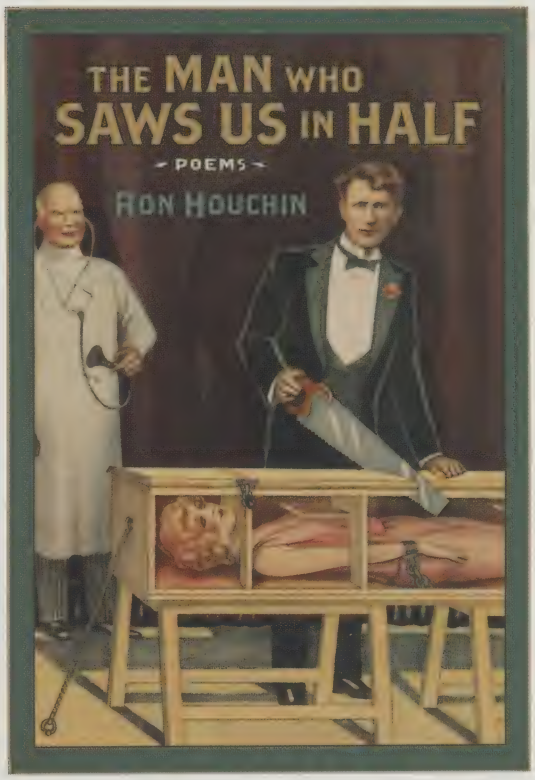
That conflict is superbly expressed in "Can't Do Life," a song about getting bogged down with bills, kids, jobs, and realizing that life hasn't lived up to the dreams. "Seldom Do" explores similar territory, noting that "places change; people seldom do." Boggs' experience fronting a blues band is evident in "Not the New Me," while her southwest Virginia roots are front and center in "Appalachia."

Even more than her previous releases, the songs on Quicksand are deeply personal—even "Better Man," the Pearl Jam classic about spousal abuse. Recalling in an interview that "I grew up in a home like that," Boggs sings from the woman's point of view. The result is even more haunting and atmospheric than the original. In a more traditional vein, "When It Mattered" recalls the best of Loretta Lynn. "It was one of the first songs I wrote," recalled Boggs, "and I used every word I could think of that rhymed with 'mattered': 'shattered,' 'battered,' 'flattered.'"

Overall, Quicksand is far from traditional country in its sound but exactly like the best of country in its sincerity. The production is sparse and clean, framing Boggs' silky voice rather than competing with it. This is Reagan Boggs' best work yet. She's got a lot to say and she knows how to say it. ❖



Wayne Winkler is music reviews editor for *Now & Then*.



The Man Who Saws Us in Half: Poems
Ron Houchin
Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 2013
$16.95 (paperback), 71 pages

West Virginia poet Ron Houchin's seventh full-length collection, released in LSU's prestigious Southern Messenger Poets Series, earned The Weatherford Award for Poetry from the Appalachian Studies Association in 2014. Houchin's newest honor is well deserved. *The Man Who Saws Us in Half* is both a continuation and a maturation of his unique worldview as a seasoned observer and philosopher-poet. Early in this new collection the poet asks: "What is worth looking up to?" In one sense, the poems that follow attempt to answer that question, but what makes this collection distinctive is how Houchin influences the reader to experience the spinning, ancient world in fresh ways. Yes, many of the themes that Houchin has explored in other volumes are here: the role of memory, notions of childhood wonder (especially in the title poem), the egregiousness of environmental ruin by human hands, and the inevitability of old age and death. As well, many of his trademark emblems are evident: Trains, trees, and tombstones once again loom large in these poems. But at least two things distinguish them from Houchin's earlier work: how he uses language to probe what's between and beneath spaces, and how he skillfully juxtaposes images and ideas which render an innovative and imaginative world.

The spaces between objects and the unknown forces beneath us are palpable in these poems. Houchin wants to find and render meaning to the nebulous, mysterious spots that we seldom see, let alone ponder or celebrate. This poet is "the one who walks between walls" or is "out on the street between buildings." For Houchin, the spaces between and beneath us are safe havens, without obstacle, without human intervention or degradation. These are the places where we "... escape into the yard / for the air between maples." The poem "Stray City Dog" even uses the spaces between a sentence ("I always imagine his life—to be holy") to compose a kind-hearted homily. In Houchin's sphere, what is sacred is also beneath us. In "Katherine Skating the Ohio, 1916," the poet imagines his grandmother skating across the frozen Ohio River, but he focuses on what is under her skates: "she pushes out, above lunker bass / and phantom catfish." In another example, "The Mermaid's Funeral," the poet plays with the formality of burial: "When my cousin Charlotte drowns, / they close the lid, lowering the coffin / like a submarine. I watch her drift off / in her narrow boat to live under / an ocean of grass."

The poems in *The Man Who Saws Us in Half* also achieve the gasp of surprise and the unexpected. Houchin's themes are animated mainly through his fondness for personifying nature: "the sun claws the river," "grass points the way," "sand chisel[s] away the sunset." In "Tending the Fire" Houchin quietly rejoices in witnessing nature: "Fire applauded endless stars; / kindling stretched and cracked its joints. / Light took communion with air for the fifty / trillionth time. / And I was there . . . ." Sometimes the surprise comes in how images are placed beside one another. In "Tender," deadly weapons become lovers; and in several poems, humans morph into animals while animals take on human thought and action.

In "The Lost Rhetoric of Memory," the concept of grief is made visceral through the pairing of peril with familiarity:

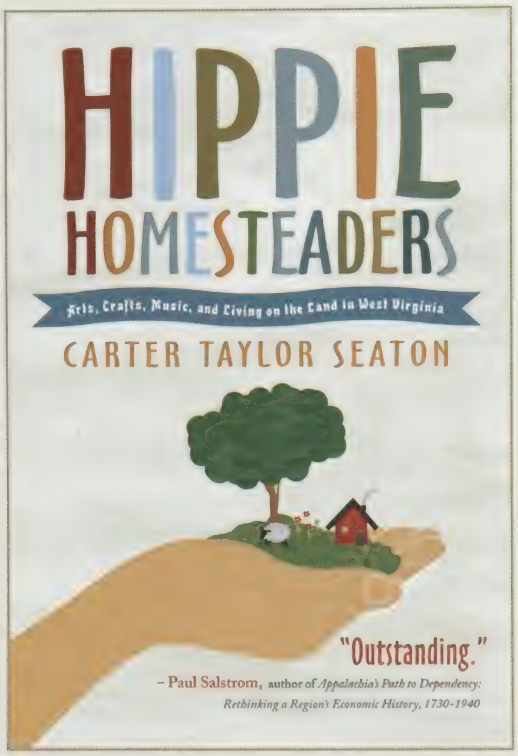
Each hour the memory of those already gone
pads over to stretch out beside me,
like a panther. Then their names come after,
a litter of new kittens. . . .

Each time I try to put phrases to their going,
it feels coarse, like shirts made from scraps,
or the biscuits children bake

in toy ovens—facsimiles smelling of salt,
but full of lumps, raw dough,
and thicker than my throat.

The Man Who Saws Us in Half is a collection that encourages readers to think of new ways to celebrate their doubts, fears, dreams, and "that awful awareness" of living in a fallen world. Ron Houchin has made it easy for us to experience the magic and violence of the natural world and to name and acknowledge those personal sentiments that most of us have such trouble expressing. ❖

Marianne Worthington is poetry editor for *Now & Then*.


HIPPIE
HOMESTEADERS
Arts, Crafts, Music, and Living on the Land in West Virginia
CARTER TAYLOR SEATON
"Outstanding."
– Paul Salstrom, author of Appalachia's Path to Dependency: Rethinking a Region's Economic History, 1730-1940

Hippie Homesteaders
Carter Taylor Seaton
Morgantown: West Virginia: University Press, 2013
$29.99 (paperback), 284 pages

Carter Taylor Seaton's exploration of the back-to-the-land movement in West Virginia is fully realized in her engaging work Hippie Homesteaders: Arts, Crafts, Music, and Living on the Land in West Virginia. Seaton is a noted author of fiction, a former director of a rural craft cooperative, and a gifted ceramic sculptor. Her familiarity with the craftspeople and the movement provides her an entry to research the subject on a personal level. Through interviews conducted with forty crafters, many of whom she had worked with, she reveals the back-to-the-land movement's verve, its light carbon footprint, and its contributions to the region.

As Seaton points out, the 1960-1970s exodus to rural West Virginia consisted, for the most part, of young people who were educated and independent free thinkers. Willing to work, they wanted inexpensive land, a way to earn a living, and the experience of life far from the fast lane. At first seen as "druggies" or "hippies," they eventually earned the

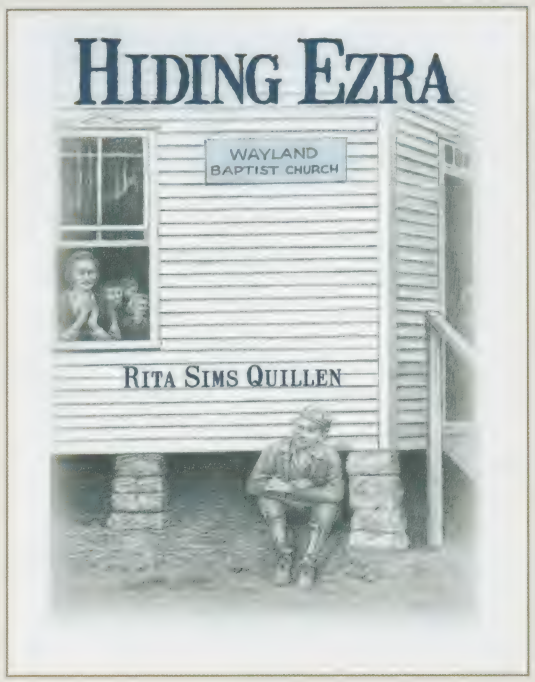
respect of the local folks and lived in harmony with them. The names of the long-haired hippies who stayed, and many did, are now a roll call of some of the state's most talented citizens: artist, author, and musician Colleen Anderson; dancer and teacher Jude Binder; sculptor Bill Hopen; potter Brian van Nostrand. Not only did they learn traditional craft-making specific to the state and region, they created their own styles.

The first chapter of Seaton's book, "Traditional Handcrafts in Appalachia," is a stand-alone section on the state's craft heritage. Written in a succinct manner, it is a valuable addition to the history of crafts in West Virginia. Chapter Two, "The Serendipitous Timing of West Virginia's Arts Outreach Program," serves as the book's lens. It details the state's timely and vital arts history outreach and its contribution to the development of an arts network and marketing system. Without this program, many of the back-to-the-landers might not have succeeded in developing and marketing their crafts.

My favorite chapters, "Pacifists, Protestors, and Draft Dodgers," "Hell No! We Won't Go Either!" and "A Safe Place to Live," fill in the blanks about why many of the back-to-the- landers left the large universities and cities for "cheap" land in rural West Virginia, as well as why they are still there fifty years later. They came, they saw, they struggled, they succeeded, they contributed, and they made a home for themselves. In "A Safe Place to Live," readers learn about the communal roots of the musical group the Putnam County Pickers and their involvement with the radio series *Mountain Stage*. Still under the directorship of talented musician Larry Groce, *Mountain Stage* is the longest-running performance show on public radio. It now boasts an international presence on radio and television and has been the greenhouse for both traditional and nontraditional musicians, such as jazz icon pianist Bob Thompson.

According to Seaton, the efforts of many behind the scenes paved the way for the homesteaders to become viable craftspersons. Native West Virginians taught many of them traditional crafts (and essential skills for rural living), and the state government provided much-needed support. Without the vision and marketing assistance of people like Jim Andrews, the 1980s director of arts at the West Virginia Division of Culture and History, the newcomers' stories might have had a different ending. Tamarack, the first artisan showcase of its kind in the nation, opened in Beckley in 1996 featuring "The Best of West Virginia." Managed by long-term artist and artists' advocate Rebecca Stelling, Tamarack hosted, in its first year, "over 450,000 visitors, and sales topped $3.3 million." Now Tamarack artisans number around 2,500 and represent all fifty-five West Virginia counties. It truly is an artisans' showcase. Seaton points out that Tamarack was built with the input of the resilient artists who came to the state, as well as by ones whose families had been there for generations. ❖

Phyllis Moore, author, literary historian, designer of the West Virginia Literary Map, and founding member of the Almost Heaven White Water Rafting Outfitters and Book Club, lives in Clarksburg, West Virginia.



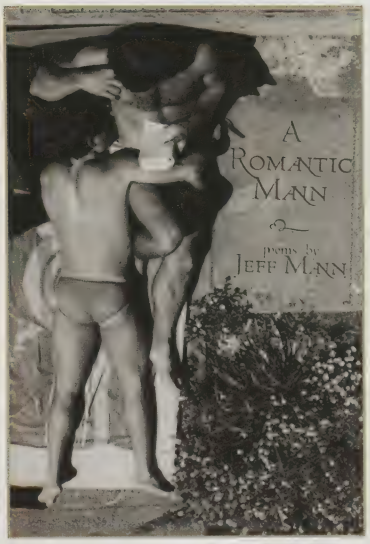
Hiding Ezra: A Noval Based on a True Story
Rita Quillen
Johnson City, TN: Little Creek Books, 2014
$12.95 (paperback), 220 pages

Poet Rita Quillen's foray into the genre of long fiction with *Hiding Ezra* offers readers an adventure, a mystery, a history, a love story, a tragedy, and a tale of redemption. Set near Quillen's family home in the hills of Southwest Virginia and East Tennessee during World War I, *Hiding Ezra* is based on a true story about a soldier who leaves Camp Lee to visit his dying mother. When she convinces him to stay with her beyond his leave, he becomes AWOL and is soon labeled a deserter by the U. S. Army. After Ezra Teague watches his mother's funeral from the woods, he must take to a life on the run, although never far from Gate City and surrounding areas such as Clinch Mountain, Hale Springs, and Knoxville. Staying close to his sister Eva and the love of his life, Alma, Ezra communicates with these women through notes left in strategic places. He sometimes leaves his sister firewood in the winter as she leaves food for him. The harsh conditions of living alone in an unsympathetic landscape in winter are intensified through Ezra's journal entries—at times funny, poignant, and philosophical. Ezra ponders the Bible, tries his hand at map-making, collects ginseng, reads old newspapers, and muses over the absurdity of outlawing liquor—all this to keep his sanity in the woods. As Ezra's story is told through multiple perspectives, the accounts are pieced together like the quilts that become a principal theme in the novel.

The second part of the novel, Ezra's second year on the run (beginning October 1919), adds a dangerous human element to the peril already present in the environment when the Army sends Lt. Nettles to round up deserters—some of whom will clearly be hanged. As fear and hunger set in, Ezra's mental and physical health deteriorates. Finding shelter in Mrs. Osborne's barn saves his life, and it is obvious that people in the community feel a duty to one another. But it is also clear how tough the women characters are, for it is Eva and Alma who ultimately bring about a solution to Ezra's predicament as they realize their physical and emotional potential in scenes that are both earthy and sexy.

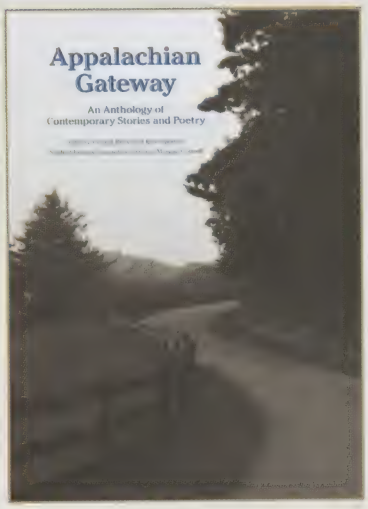
Hiding Ezra is the product of Quillen's rich heritage. While the journal entries she writes for Ezra are, in fact, fictional, such a journal did exist in her family. These journal entries bare Ezra's soul to the reader, and Quillen's lyrical voice peppers the narrative with sensory images. On his route to catch Teague, Lt. Nettles finds himself standing in a cemetery and realizes "that what he had first thought were rocks were actually old headstones with only illegible ghosts of words still visible." There are symbols of death throughout the novel, but a significant symbol is also quilts and quilting, prevalent as both a means of financial support and physical comfort—emblematic of piecing together individual lives and families. As this novel concludes, Quillen braids contradictory spiritual images when Ezra "baptizes" his baby daughter Katie in the river, saying, "I baptize you in the name of caves, the waterfall, these hills, the stones and the stars." This is the perfect culmination to a novel fraught with contradictions about duty, religion, and relationships. ❖

Judith Bailey Slagle is Professor of English and Chair of Literature and Language at East Tennessee State University.



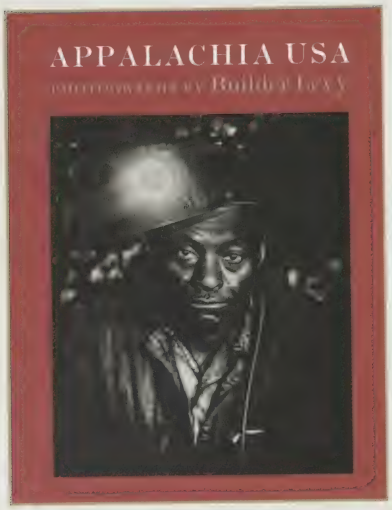
A Romantic Mann: Poems
Jeff Mann
Lethe Press, 2013

It may seem odd to say that a book of poems isn't for the faint-hearted, but that's true of these lyrics. The collection opens with the Anglo-Saxon monster, Grendel, as he sits in his cave "making stars out of blood clots," and this poem is the keystone for the collection. Erudite and wide-ranging, the poems are grounded in eighteenth- and nineteenth-century romanticism, with its fascination with the monsters that embody violence, despair and desire. Mann's sense of humor (the humor in the über-romanticism of being a "failed" romantic, for example, as in his poem "The Failed Romantic Contemplates Suicide") acknowledges the narrow path he walks between drama and melodrama. After the "failed romantic" section comes an interlude of poems casting the book's themes in musical modes. The poems in the third section chronicle brutality, offering elegies for the dead and protests against such assaults as the attacks of 9/11; the imprisonment and chemical neutering of homosexuals; and the destruction of mountains in mountaintop-removal mining. The last section refuses to offer closure but restates the theme that openness to feeling—pleasure and pain—is part of living fully. ❖



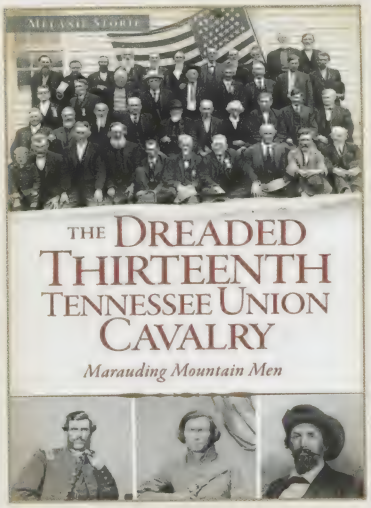
Appalachian Gateway: An Anthology of Comtemporary Stories and Poetry
George Brosi and Kate Egerton (editors); Samantha Cole and Morgan Cottrell (student editors)
University of Tennessee Press, 2013

Though this anthology would be valuable for the stories and poems alone, each selection is supplemented with a brief biography of the author; a selected bibliography of the author's works; and a brief list of critical reviews. George Brosi, one of America's most knowledgeable authorities on Appalachian literature, introduces the collection with a chronological overview. Kate Egerton, an English professor at Berea College who has focused research on Appalachian images in contemporary drama, and Morgan Contrell, a senior in English Education at Berea, offer an afterword on teaching with this book. Having student editors contribute to the book fits well with its purpose of bringing together contemporary perspectives and portrayals of the region. These perspectives are organized by the five topics used in The Encyclopedia of Appalachia—landscape, people, work and the economy, cultural traditions, and institutions—with short stories and poems related to each topic. Best of all, the literary selections are diverse in outlook and locale. They are written by nationally and regionally acclaimed authors, and they portray Appalachians living in the region and outside it right now. ❖



Appalachia USA: Photographs of Builder Levy
Builder Levy
David Godine, 2014

These photographs will be familiar in spirit as well as in specifics to many people. Levy is one of the country's most famous photographers, and he works in the popular tradition of Walker Evans and Dorothea Lange. His photographs have been exhibited and published widely, and at least one of the photos in this collection has served as a book cover. Denise Giardina writes in the foreword that these photos make her homesick, for a time as well as a place. This book's black-and-white portrayals, even those like Ken Hechler's being arrested at a mountaintop-removal protest in 2009, seem nostalgic, suggesting that a way of life is disappearing. Levy's personal comments about his subjects and how he came to make the photographs bring the reader into the mountains, homes, and workplaces he depicts. Levy has gone looking for beauty, stoicism, and damage and has found many forms of them in the coalfields of eastern Kentucky and southern West Virginia. ❖

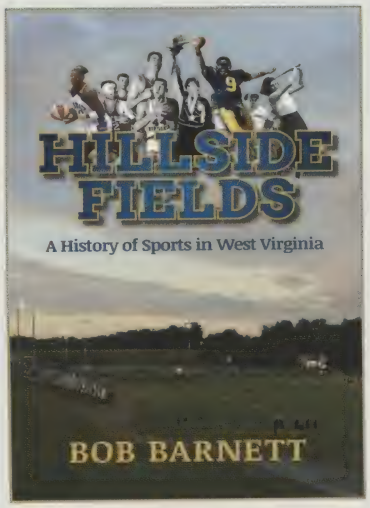


The Dreaded Thirteenth Tennessee Union Cavalry: Marauding Mountain Men
Melanie Storie
The History Press, 2013

According to the author, this book was inspired by her family history, a stack of Civil War veterans' reunion photographs, and a photograph of fifteen-year-old James R. Allen, who lied about his age to join the Union army. And the book lives up to the promise that this personal inspiration implies. Storie's history of this volunteer Union cavalry regiment—from its origins in northeastern Tennessee with the secession of Tennessee from the Union to its regimental reunions long after the war had ended—shows a commitment to setting the record straight. Storie gives a riveting account of the devastation that divided loyalties brought to northeastern Tennessee and how that devastation shaped the war on both sides. The Thirteenth Union Cavalry of Tennessee, with its 1,400 men, twenty of them African Americans and "at least" three Irishmen, comes alive through Storie's accounts, born of document and anecdote. Though she describes battles and troop movements, her book highlights the soldiers themselves. One of the most striking stories is that of Lieutenant Andrew Campbell (one of the regiment's Irishmen) who shot and killed Confederate General John Hunt Morgan and yet who was denied a pension for his military service and was buried in a pauper's grave. ❖

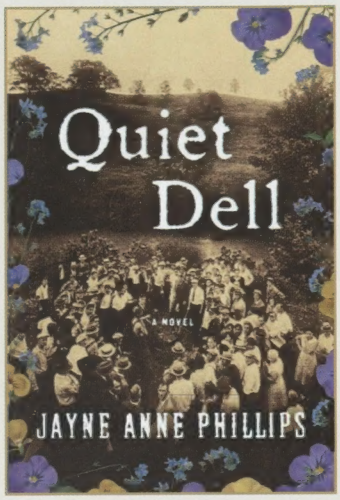
Green-Silver and Silent: Poems
Marc Harshman
Bottom Dog Press, 2012

Some of Harshman's free verse and prose poems in this collection are as serene as the "green-silver and silent" title suggests, but they are not nearly as quiet. The poems are full of noise—the "cuk-cuk," "tick. Tick. tick," and "rasp-click" of small things; the rapping of the "logcock" (woodpecker); a falling rock "tearing thunder through the brush"; a workman hammering on a sheet of tin. Sound imagery is a major element in these poems' praise of physical labor and a life lived close to nature as healing anodynes and as celebrations. Most of the poetry is about places close to home, such as "below the south flank of Roy's pasture," but the last third of the book has the narrator abroad, with poems set in Wales, Cornwall, and Iceland. The section looks toward death, but with some equanimity, as in "Going North for the Winter," where "The fire foxes sing without a score under the herring flash of the northern lights." This northward heading makes a fitting conclusion to the earlier poems, changing all those sounds into comforting distractions from the awareness of death hidden "under those pleasant shadows." ❖



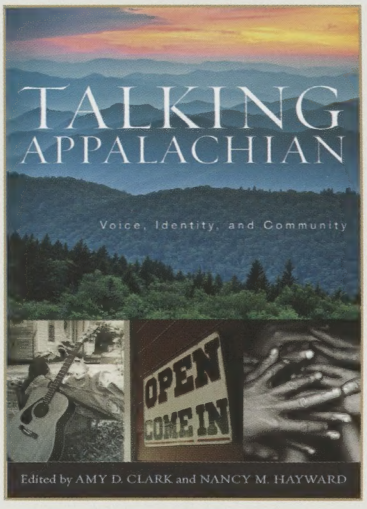
Hillside Fields: A History of Sports in West Virginia
Bob Barnett
West Virginia University Press, 2013

Sports historian Bob Barnett focuses on athletics in West Virginia in this collection, and among the interesting bits of information is the fact that West Virginia was home to America's first golf course. Connecting local history to national history, the book is full of stories. Some of them are familiar, like those about Olympic gold medalists Jerry West (basketball), Mike Barrett (basketball), Mary Lou Retton (gymnastics), Vicky Bullett (basketball), James Jett (track), and Jesse Barnes (shot put). Others are less well known, such as the story of how, in 1919, West Virginia became one of the first three states to hold a girls' state high school basketball championship tournament. Or how Earl Lloyd, who played for West Virginia State University's basketball team, the Yellow Jackets, went on to become the first African American to enter an NBA game, in October 1950. Then there is the story of the West Liberty Hilltoppers baseball team, which managed to win the 1964 NAIA tournament championship even though West Liberty College had no land flat enough for a baseball diamond of its own. ❖



The Quiet Dell
Jayne Ann Phillips
Scribner, 2013

Phillips' new novel fictionalizes the gruesome murders committed by Harry Powers (given name Harm Drenth) in Clarksburg, West Virginia, in the 1930s. Read as a crime story, this is intriguing material, and Phillips' imaginative distancing of the murders of the children through magic realism avoids sensationalism. In contrast to the psychologically complex characterizations in Phillips' previous fiction, the second half of this story, the aftermath of the murders, presents surprisingly simplistic portraits of some of the characters—simplistic at least in terms of how they explain their motives to themselves and others. But I suspect that is Phillips' point. Might the murders have been avoided if the people involved were not so easily satisfied with their own rationalizations and platitudes? Phillips' odd approach can be interpreted as a subtle cautionary tale with the same purpose as the oldest fairy tales: warning us to look out for evil and to use our wits when we encounter it. Phillips' approach suggests that tragedy is created not just by villain and victim but by the chorus, too, and by our wish to believe we live in a quiet dell and to ignore things that do not fit within our idea of the dell. ❖



Talking Appalachian: Voice, Identity, and Community
Amy D. Clark and Nancy M. Hayward (editors)
University Press of Kentucky, 2013

The negative stereotypes associated with Appalachian dialects are well known. However, in presenting research and methods documenting the harm these stereotypes do in the classroom and, conversely, the academic progress that can be achieved through tossing out the concept of Appalachian dialects as inferior to Standard American English, this collection gives us something new and sorely needed. It recommends changes in the way grammar is taught in elementary, secondary, and college classrooms. Amy Clark reports on a group of middle- and high-school students taught to compare their language usage with Standard American English (itself a kind of dialect). Importantly, they were taught to make that comparison recognizing both types of usage as valuable. These students far out-performed comparable students who were taught in the conventional way (regarding vernacular dialect constructions as incorrect). This study and other research studies and discussion on language education are supported through essays by linguists and fiction writers as well as by excerpts from fiction and poetry. ❖

Edwina Pendarvis is book reviews editor for *Now & Then*.

A Father's Hope

Jay McCoy

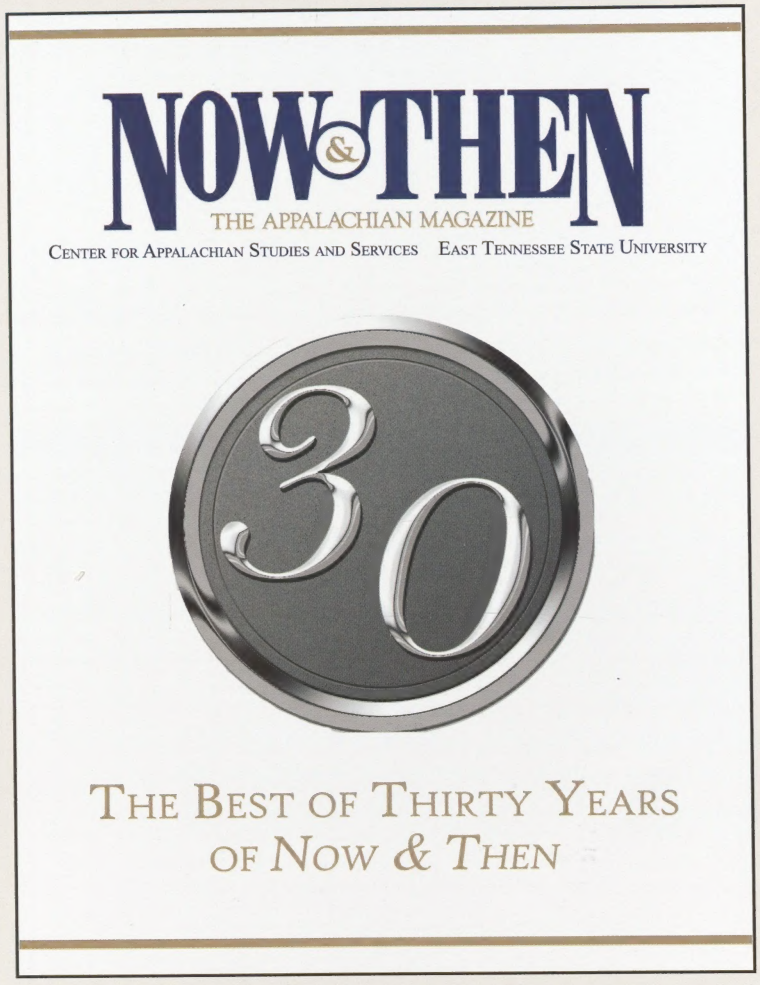
Calvin McCoy, December 25, 1887

Mama calls me
bookish, says I am
too tender-hearted.
Father would never
speak such, calls me
loyal; he wants stronger
words to describe
his son. They agree I have
the patience, but not
the steel for hunting;
the head, but not
the hands for farming.
Father says not all
men are meant to labor;
says my hands may be
soft like my heart, but
promises to take me
from my book learning,
teach me more about this
land and these mountains
with my new Winchester 73
once winter breaks
& the year turns.

["A Father's Hope" is from Jay's manuscript of persona poems based on the Hatfield-McCoy feud. Calvin McCoy had received a new rifle for Christmas from his parents, Randolph and Sarah McCoy. Some historians suggest that the group of men who would set fire to the McCoy house the next New Year's Day knew Calvin had received the gun and made a more heavily-armed assault as a result.]

Jay McCoy, born and raised in Eastern Kentucky, is a manager of the Morris Book Shop, and co-coordinates the Teen Howl Poetry Series in Lexington, Kentucky.

Signing Off


NOW & THEN
THE APPALACHIAN MAGAZINE
CENTER FOR APPALACHIAN STUDIES AND SERVICES EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY
30
THE BEST OF THIRTY YEARS
OF NOW & THEN

We would like your input for our 30th anniversary issue, "The Best of Thirty Years of *Now & Then*." Let us know which articles, poems, or stories from our past issues are your favorites. You can email us your suggestions at nowandthen@mail.etsu.edu. Please include "My Favorites" in the subject line.

Coming in December 2014: "The Best of Thirty Years of *Now & Then*"

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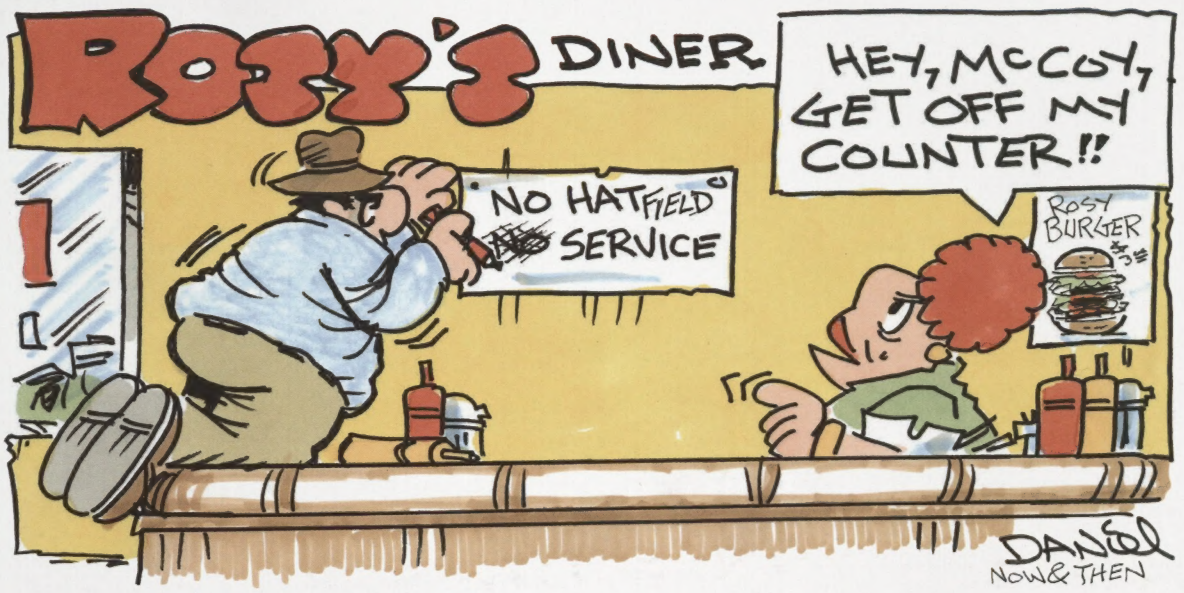

Charlie Daniel is editorial cartoonist for the *Knoxville News Sentinel*.